

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

25th Year. No. 88

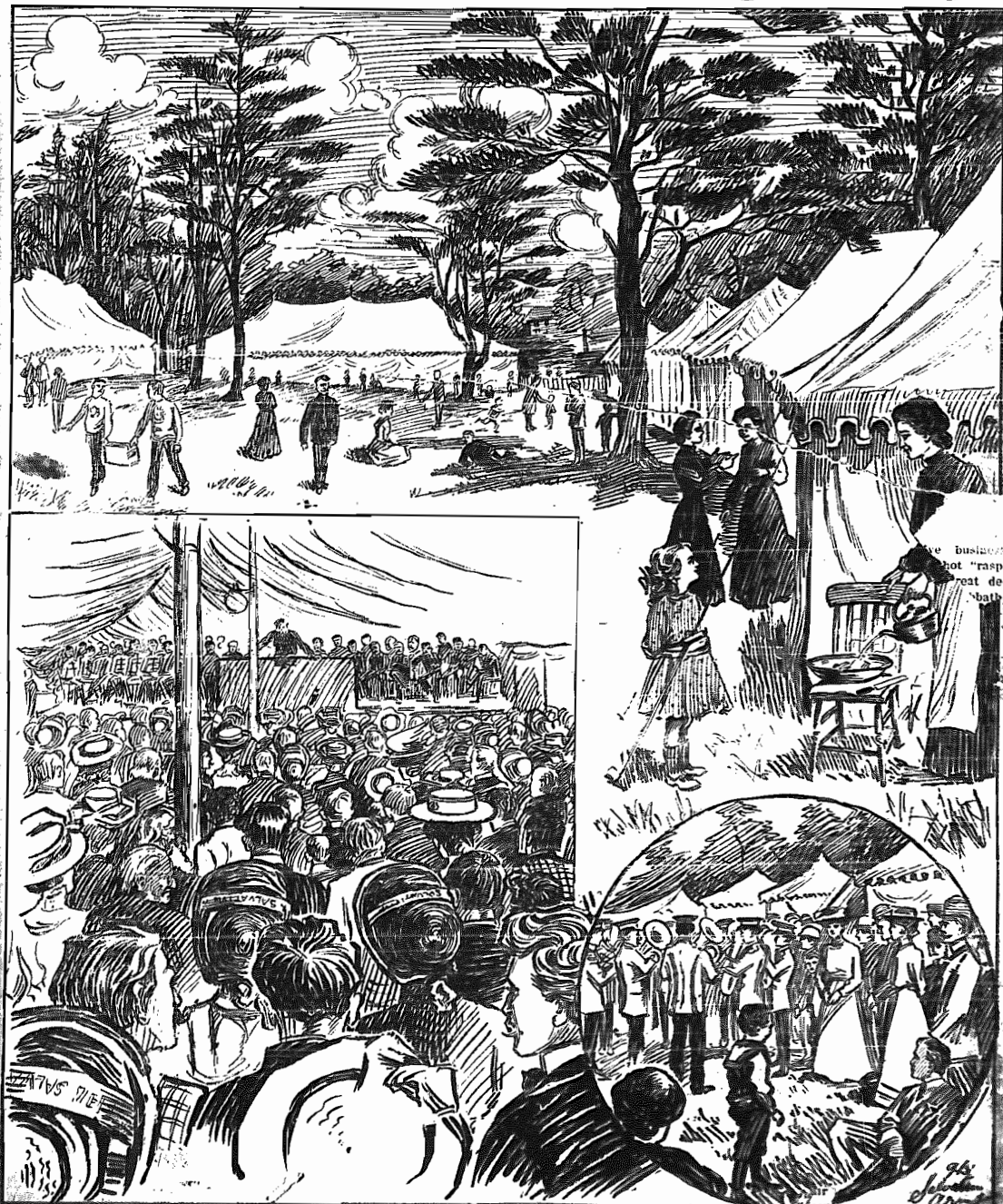
WILLIAM BOOTH JR.
General

TORONTO, JULY 3, 1909.

THOMAS H. COOMES.
Editor-in-Chief

Price, 2 Cents.

The Dufferin Grove Camp Meeting Campaign.



General View of the Camp—A Portion of the Sunday Night's Crowd in the Tent—The Staff Conducted Most Interesting Open-Air Meeting



Cutlets from Contemporaries.



Principle.

It's Worth Sticking To.

A young man became clerk in a house of business. After having served several months acceptably, he hinted to his employer that he ought to be paid as much as a certain other clerk received.

"If you will do what he does, you shall be paid as much," replied his employer.

"And what is that?" the young man inquired.

"He takes customers to the theatre, and gives them a drink now and then, that he may sell them goods."

Straightening himself up to his full height, and with the fire of indignation flashing in his eyes, our young hero answered, "I thank God that there is a workhouse in my native town, and I will go there and die before I will do such dirty work." And he left the store. That was principle. —American Y. S.

Mrs. Commissioner McKie, And How She Met The Army.

It was in the early days of The Army's fight in Germany, when we were a little people, much misunderstood and despised. Being persuaded by a friend to attend an Army service in a theatre, the two young women took seats just under the foot lights. Two men stepped upon the platform—one a German (Colonel) and the other a Canadian (Colonel).

The Canadian (Colonel) McKie, was an amaze-ment to the audience.

3 Fight lists—that at 6.30 next day was round the tiny Lift. It was to see whether the men lived lives of practical service and self-denial, or whether they were sentimental humbugs. "Do they pray, do they work?" she asked herself. All day long she followed them as they moved. The idea of a wise counsellor who could give the way of many intellectual and doctrinal difficulties. With all the abandonment of her nature, this daughter of the Fatherland then threw in her

lot with The Salvation Army, and became a Cadet at Berlin.—Australian Cry.

Where His Heart Was.

A Condition to Be Carefully Avoided.

I spoke to him of blessing granted. He seemed he'd never heard of it; "You think," he cried, "I ought to fish! I don't believe a word of it. But I should like to tell you all about the last big festival!"

I told him of the Corps at home. That many souls were getting saved. And how, since to the cross they'd come.

They'd very differently behaved. But all he said was, "Is it true The Band plays Band Book Number Two?"

"What attitude did people take Towards the work?" I asked him then;

"Were they disposed for Jesus' sake. To help us with the souls of men?" Said he, "The who's town compliments Us on our played instruments!"

I begged him leave the Band a bit. And say was there no other thing. He liked, which helped to bring him fit To testify or pray or sing.

"Oh yes," said he with pleasant laugh, "I like the cinematograph!" —The Victory.

Kindness to Robbers.

The Lesson a Servant Learned.

Francis of Assisi was a thirteenth-century Salvationist. The following story is told of him:—

One day Francis, passing by the desert of Borgo San Sapierino, came to Monte-Cassale and behold, a noble and refined young man came to him. "Father," he said, "I would gladly be one of your disciples."

"My son," said Francis, "you are young, refined and noble; you will not be able to follow poverty and live wretched like we."

"But, my father, you are not men like we? What you do I can do with the grace of Jesus."

Francis received him into the order and he behaved so well that he was made guardian of Monte-Cassale. Now in those times there were three famous robbers, who did much evil in the country. They came to the hermitage one day to beg Brother Francis to give them something to eat but he replied to them with severe reproaches. They went away full of rage. But behold, Francis returned, bringing a walet of bread,

and the guardian told him how he had sent away the robbers; then Francis reproved him severely for being so cruel.

"I command thee," said he, "to take at once this loaf and this wine and go seek the robbers by hill and dale until you have found them, to offer them this from me and to kneel before them and humbly ask their pardon, and pray them in my name no longer to do wrong, but to fear God; and if they do it I promise to provide for all their wants."

Brother Angelo did all that had been commanded him, while Francis on his part prayed God to convert the robbers. They returned with the brother, and when Francis gave them the assurance of the pardon of God they changed their lives and entered the order in which they lived and died most holily.—American Cry.

Three Vocabularies.

How Mankind Uses Them.

The number of words in the English language has never been accurately estimated. It is almost impossible to do so, for the language is being constantly enriched by the addition of new words.

The Standard Dictionary is said to contain 300,000 words, and the Century 225,000. In his various plays Shakespeare used about 15,000 words. Milton used only about half as many in his writings.

A person of culture and education has a speaking vocabulary of about five thousand words; an ordinary person uses from two thousand to three thousand words.

It is said that every person has three vocabularies. The largest is the reading vocabulary, which is the words of which he knows the meaning and which convey ideas to his mind, when seen in print. The second largest is the writing vocabulary or the words he uses in written thought. The smallest is the speaking vocabulary, or the words he uses in conversation.—American Social Gazette.

His Life Paid the Debt.

Lincoln and the Young Sentry.

A story is told of President Lincoln's interview with William Scott, a boy from a Vermont farm, who, after marching forty-eight hours without sleep, volunteered to stand guard for the commander. Weariness overcame him, and he was found asleep at his post, within gunshot of the enemy. He was tried, and sentenced to be shot. Mr. Lincoln heard of the

case, and went himself to the tent where young Scott was kept under guard.

"My boy," he said, "you are not going to be shot to-morrow. I believe you when you tell me that you could not keep awake. I am going to trust you and send you back to your regiment. Now, I want to know what you intend to pay for all this?" The lad, overcome with gratitude, could hardly say a word, but crowding out his emotions, managed to answer that he did not know. If Mr. Lincoln would wait until pay day, possibly his comrades might get together for six hundred dollars. Would that be enough? The kindly President shook his head. "My bill is a great deal more than that," he said. "It is a very large one. Your friends can not pay it, nor your family, nor your farm. There is only one man in the world who can pay it, and his name is William Scott. If, from this day he does his duty, so that when he comes to life he can truly say 'I have kept the promise I gave the President, I have done my duty as a soldier, then the debt will be paid. Young Scott went back to his regiment and the debt was fully paid a few months later, for he fell in battle. —Australian Y. S.

The Last Great Day.

How Will You Stand Then?

One of the palest things a saint of God can do is to die. But one of the saddest things on earth is a deathbed with a wasted life standing on one side of it and an overshadowing eternity standing on the other side of it, and no Saviour anywhere in the room. One of our Soldiers when dying a few days ago said, "There is sweet rest in Heaven." Thank God "The righteous shall have in his death." The Mogul of Turkey used to be weighed once a year. On the opposite side of the scales first was put silver then gold, then jewels, and then the gold and jewels were thrown among the people. The day will come when we must all be weighed in scales of a different character—weighed not against gold and the jewels of this world; but weighed by the law of the eternal right and the eternal wrong. After speaking that day as "a great noise" it was a terrible sight when Kingston was on fire, what will a universal conflagration be like! all to mountains falling. All the seas boiling. All the stars dropping. The earth vanishing. Graves bursting. "We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ."—West Indian Cry.

The Praying League.

Prayer Topic: Pray for the success of the Camp Meetings in Toronto and elsewhere.

Sunday, July 4th.—David's Sheet Anchor, 1 Samuel xv. 8-40.

Monday, July 5th.—Giant Overthrow, 1 Samuel xvii 41-55.

Tuesday, July 6th.—Jealous King, 1 Samuel xviii 57; xlii, 1-14.

Wednesday, July 7th.—Royal Marriage, 1 Samuel xix, 18-29; xli, 1-14.

Thursday, July 8th.—Possessed With a Devil, 1 Samuel xxi 4-18.

Friday, July 9th.—Noble Friendship, 1 Samuel xli, 4-17.

Saturday, July 10th.—Saul's Hatred, 1 Samuel xlii, 18-24.

WIRELESS WONDERS.

I found the article appended of fascinating interest, and pass it on for the benefit of my readers who may not have had the opportunity of reading it in the "Christian Herald."

—B. Johnston.

On May 12, the Omaha Electrical Show was lighted by a wireless current. This was the first time that a wireless current had ever been sent without wires. The power came from the Government wireless station at Fort Omaha, five miles from the auditorium where the show is being held. There were four thousand incandescent lamps, but for four hours these lamps were lighted by the wireless current. The system by which the experiment was made is the discovery of Dr. Frederick Millener, wireless expert of the Union Pacific Railroad. For more than a year Dr. Millener has been at work on the proposition of distant control of electric lighting and the exhibition at

Omaha was his first public test. The regular current by which the building was lighted was switched off, and the entire place was then lighted by the wireless mechanism.

Almost simultaneously with this discovery, Messrs. Slay and Arco, the chief engineers of the German Telefunken Wireless Telegraph Company, have perfected a system which it is claimed will entirely obviate the uncertainties with which other wireless systems have hitherto had to contend. Their new method consists in sending out the vibrations which form the messages as pure musical tones, which are capable of being heard by the receiver no matter how far they may be attained. It is declared by the inventors that, by means of this device, it will be possible for the first time since the wireless telegraphy was established, to maintain communication by this means in spite of the most violent atmospheric disturbances. These vibrations

called "singing sparks," which reach the receiver after their no select flight through the air.

Of all the marvellous inventions of a most marvellous age, the transmission of sound is a deathbed with a wasted life standing on one side of it and an overshadowing eternity standing on the other side of it, and no Saviour anywhere in the room. One of our Soldiers when dying a few days ago said, "There is sweet rest in Heaven." Thank God "The righteous shall have in his death." The Mogul of Turkey used to be weighed once a year. On the opposite side of the scales first was put silver then gold, then jewels, and then the gold and jewels were thrown among the people. The day will come when we must all be weighed in scales of a different character—weighed not against gold and the jewels of this world; but weighed by the law of the eternal right and the eternal wrong. After speaking that day as "a great noise" it was a terrible sight when Kingston was on fire, what will a universal conflagration be like! all to mountains falling. All the seas boiling. All the stars dropping. The earth vanishing. Graves bursting. "We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ."—West Indian Cry.

The secret of our communication with our heavenly Father without the aid of material wires, is the adjusting of the human heart in harmony with the Divine One. The secret of the whole invention is in adjusting instruments in harmony with each other as it were tuned to each other, so that each tone will find its own identical tone in the instrument at the other end.

Let this mind be in you, who are also in Christ Jesus.—(Phil. ii. 5.)

THE DRUM AND THE BELLS.

A Chapter from "The Army Drum," a Fascinating Book by Mrs. Colonel Brengle,
Recently Republished.

London! Right well thou knowest the day of prayer!—Byron.
London is the most religious city in the world.—Moody.
Hell is a city very much like London.—Shelley.

A LONDON Journal some time ago, published a census of the worshippers at morning and evening services of churches and chapels, on a certain Sunday. Four hundred and ten thousand out of a population of over 4,000,000 were present in the morning, and 460,000 in the evening. Where are the other 2,000,000 and odd Londoners at eleven o'clock on the Lord's Day? Forgo one service, madam, and come with me to find out. Borrow your scullery-maid's worst dress, wind an old shawl about your shoulders, put on such a bonnet as Madam Elise never saw or dreamed of, tuck your chilly fingers in your jacket pockets, and come away down toward Old Ford.

The streets are full of people, and to all of them, judging from their expression and errand, Sunday is a day with a meaning. To the men with their eyes, standing about the street corners, it is a black day, when the public-houses open six hours later than usual; to the women, going home with their aprons heaped up with cabbages and potatoes, or clattering at the stalls, it is a welcome day, when marketing is cheap; to the children, clamouring everywhere, it is a red-letter day, when school does not keep, and they can spend all their hours in the street.

A Sunday Morning Market.

All the East End seemed to be out shopping on a Sunday-morning, but they were a well-dressed set of people compared to those who have come out on Sunday morning to buy their livings. Here are all sorts of shops open, with clothes new and old, meat, fruit, vegetables for sale. A milliner's shop is well filled with women, and a brisk trade is doing all along the street. Crockery, buttons, combs, and tawdry lace are exposed on stands at every corner, and at one of these a huge, bleated man comes to a pause.

"Where's that 'ere brat as ought to be along 'ere se'lin' grey stockin's?" he demands. "Ye seen anythin' on 'im?" Nobody has seen him, but we can't help hoping, Sunday though it is, that when he meets his business-like parent he will have sold a few grey stockings, or it will so evidently be the worse for him.

Come along eastward, and note how the crowds swell as the hour grows later. The people look unkempt and dissipated, as if they had stayed in the public-houses till the very last minute on Saturday night, and had not slept since—the red-edged eye-lids and sallow, bloodless faces of these shabby women make one wonder if "pretty Besseo" has no successor in all Bethnal Green.

People and things alike look soiled and worn, and we long for something clean, and suggestive, at least, of good. Here it is, at last—a narrow full of many-coloured dahlias, with country dew still on their leaves, and close by a pannier of blackberries, with a stem of red, frost-touched leaves trailing over them. We linger by the flowers, but see no buyers stopping there.

Be Ye Also Ready.

Turn to the left, now, down this street where the market day shouts make such a deafening noise. Here is meat for sale, in all shades of brown and purple, calculated to make a vegetarian of one at sight; cabbage, celery, onions, in all stages of wilt and wither, but selling rapidly. The carts and stalls, with people buying from them block the street outflow, and we have to make our way slowly along the side-walk, assailed on all sides by entreaties to buy. "Meat, only 'o'pence a pound!" "Ere's yer bacon, now!" "Plate full o' onions for a penny!" "Best steaks for th'pence!" "Flowers, mum! Finest art'ys'uns!"

Nearly church-time? Yes, the last bells must be ringing now; but it would take hours to hear them in this babel of hargain-making. Look at that pathetic row of second-hand shoes along the sidewalk, mostly children's! Sold for drink, beyond a doubt, the loss of them and the gain from them going to swell the total of misery in some sin-cursed home.

Turn again to the right, now, down this narrow lane, packed close with human beings as if the Lord Mayor's show were to pass this morning. But it is far quieter than the other. There are no women to be seen here besides ourselves. The men stand about, or move slowly on, smoking; their talk is not at all in the auctioneer key, and the calls and cries are mostly those of birds. All sorts of live things that suggest the country are here; plump pigeons, grey, furry hares, and sleepy-looking rabbits in crates, bags, and baskets, frightened ducks with silent heads bobbing dragged limp fowls, with all the barn-yard self-assertion heard out of them; and everywhere canaries, finches, and sparrows whistle and pipe, till the power of association almost makes one think the air clear and the sun shining.

Down through the middle of the press goes a boy, with bent head,

poring over a bit of paper, the only human being in the mass who seems to be really interested in anything. Look over his shoulder, and see what he's doing, his eyes so fast, when these painted parquets and strange, chattering foreign birds are right over against him. It's a penny tract he is holding, and these are the words which fascinate his eyes, staring up from the page in large letters: "Therefore, be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." He reads on as long as we can see him in the crowd.

Ready for H's coming!—and it is difficult to believe that half these people have even so much as heard of the Son of Man. But this one lad, who has heard of Him through that mute messenger for, perhaps, the first time, seems to care. How shall one make these people hear of Him?

A Criminal Class.

Study them, madam. That man with the dull eyes, and set, grim mouth, is a wife-beater—the sort of man I saw at two o'clock one morning, in down Whitechapel way. Three times his cruel fist went straight into the woman's face and made sickening pauses in her shrill, drunken scold; free

That fellow treading like a cat, and always looking out of the corner of his eyes, is a pickpocket, and the one just behind him, with a heavy scowl, side-glancing, dodging eyes, and shaven head, is a tick-of-leave man—he'll be back in Portland soon.

That bloated, purple face belong to a man who—ah! you heard what he said—you turn faint! There is worse than that. Listen as hard as you can in these streets, and you will never catch one word addressed to you, or spoken to the men among themselves, which a pure woman would like or ought to hear: that's the true horror of this accursed region. Look once more, as we go, at these warty, wicked, drink-sodden, vice-marked men about you—your brothers they are in the sight of God—and, having once looked in their evil face, dare you lift your own voice against any means or method which brings them to listen to, to think of, or fear Father? Nay, must you not henceforth help on these means, in some way?

He Longed for a Bass Drum.

Push your way down the street to its end. Here is active business again. Glassware, pictures, chestnuts, apples, and glasses of hot "raspberry rum," are being loudly hawked, and the latter are in great demand; and see, facing us, directly across the street from all this Sabbath-day traffic and bustle, stands a house of God, a new, imposing chapel.

Cross over and come in. A boy hands you a bill announcing the special attraction for to-day, a Sunday School anniversary celebration. Count the congregation over—sixty-seven adults all told—while within a stone's throw are enough Gospel-meeting men to cram the place, pen, aisles, and galleries, three times over. Why don't they come in? Not because they are not wanted, for, in spite of our conspicuously shabby dress, the kind, courteous ushers offer us a front seat. Madam, as a Christian, with the imperative command of your Master, "Compel them," resting upon you, I submit that you are bound to solve the problem, or to act upon the solution already made by others.

A clergyman holding evangelistic services this year in a Vermont village of 2,000 inhabitants, was told that at least 1,500 of them did not go to church once a year. "During those meetings," he said, "I saw the necessity of radical measures to catch the people as never before, and really longed for a bass drum and a cernel to stir them up and draw them in." So now, as I look at the scores of people's budding under the railway arch and against the blank wall in sound of the playing organ, I long to see the chapel's immaculate brick front covered with glaring advertisements of anything which will pique their curiosity to come in, and hear that "the Son of Man cometh."

The Band Struck Up.

I admit the vulgarity of flaring circus bills in announcing a religious service, but I maintain their compelling power with the class whom you and I are under sternest necessity of reaching. Such advertisements would hardly "compel" a Grace Church or Westminster Abbey audience; but when the former friends and acquaintances of the man who used to worry five rats to death with his teeth, or the one who ate dead cats on a wager, see these individuals announced to speak in a certain Army Hall, they will walk twenty miles to hear them. They would hardly go to hear one of Dr. Storr's or Cannon Liddon's exquisite sermons. And, once in the "Gloria" from Beethoven's Mass in D, or Handel's "Chandos Te Deum," would drive them out again in deepest disgust; they did not come in to hear a noise! But the Band strikes up one of their own tunes, which they helped to roll out at a public-house last night—only now

Jack and Bill from the platform sing to the air some new strange words about "Jesus. This is religion, then,

is fit. Not so bad a thing after all, they say, and they come again and again, till at last the word works its wondrous change in them and they are ranged beside Bill and Jack as rude but effectual fishers of men.

Lately, two prize-fighters, converted in Salvation Army meetings, spoke together from the platform of an Army Hall—the same theatre where they had once fought each other for public entertainment. The meeting was placarded as one "for boxers and boxers," and the announcement drew from the back alleys and dens of Bristol such an audience as the Major, a man of long experience had never seen before, even at Army services. While the process on marched the streets, these "kings of shovels and punches" came to the old theatre, and placed themselves in the front seats, with a feeling of rightful possession, and a certainty of perfect welcome. They had to for those seats once to see these two men exhibit their talent in one direction—they were willing to fight again to hear them perform in their new line. They stayed all through the meeting, and if no other good were done by the startling advertisement, it was well that through it the spirits in the prisons of these violent bodies were reached to once. If some of them have since been converted.

and come away eastward again, and then into this large old-fashioned street. Here is no elegance of architecture or ornament to frighten the poor by force of contrast; here their poverty—and again we are there to welcome by the smiling usher, town, front seat and prayer-book are fairly urged upon us. Three gowned priests intend the service, and a congregation of perhaps 150 adults follow the well-trained choir in the responses; while just outside the gates two socialists are holding forth to a side-walk audience twice as large. The listeners do not seem to care very much about it all, only it helps to pass the time away till the doors of the public-house open, and the real business of the day begins.

"All the earth doth worship thee," we read in huge letters on the church wall, but outside the public gates, the grey fog does not seem more all-pervading than man's blasphemy.

"That it may please Thee to bring into the way of truth all such as have erred and are deceived."

"We beseech Thee to hear us good Lord!" chanted the white-robed boys within, and the music wafted in a hopeless minor cadence when the people sang, "O Christ, have mercy on us." Doubtless, Christians will say, "we hear Him in prayer," but when we pray for the erring when we obey His command, "Go ye," and "thenceforth to come in," and "Why will not these people come in."

LOYAL SALVATIONISTS.



The above photograph represents Secretary Weir and Sergeant Mrs. Weir, Shelburne, N. B. Since the Salvation Army opened its doors in town, these comrades have been fighting faithfully in its ranks. Sergeant Weir, books many copies of the War Cry each week, and was very successful in collecting for the Self-Denial effort. Their cosy home is always open to visiting Officers and comrades, who never forget the kindness shown them by the Secretary and his dear wife.—M. Enslow.

to either church or chapel? Let us have some witnesses from their own ranks to answer.

"I went to church once or twice," says a bright lively North of Ireland lad of twenty years, "but I couldn't understand what was said. When The Army came to our town I went to hear them, and they seemed to be a lively people, and I liked them very well. I never could stand dull people, or long-faced ones; if people didn't seem to be having a good time of it, I'd always strike off another way. But this good time has lasted five years."

"I got saved in a Sailors' Bethel," says a river bargeman, "joined the Wesleyans, and went to chapel a class regular. But they was too staid an solemn; I never got a chance to work, or to express myself. I was full of life before, ye see—I would always be where there were laughing, dancing, doin' stir, go—now that same life took another form an' I went always to be tellin' of Jesus everywhere—do an' somethin' in my religion."

"My family was very High Church," declared a "laid man of the people" who had to go to church most week-nights, besides three times on Sunday. "I was house-boy at the vicarage, and chorboy in the church, and went to the parish school till I was con-

soon, and I'd rather beat it than do anything else except speak in the open-air. I gave it up once to another man, and it was a great cross."

"The open-air work is my delight. One winter we were out of a Hall, and all our work was outside, and I consider that that time was the making of our Corps. It was a very hard winter, and we had a good deal of snow four inches, and more sometimes; but we generally mustered up thirty strong of a night, and often got more than four hundred people listening."

"It was worse when the snow was melting, but then we'd pull off our coats, and put them by the drum for the penitents to kneel on. We got twenty new Soldiers that winter, and more saved who didn't join us. If I had to choose I'd give up the inside work rather than the outside."

"This Christian worker is no hot-blooded boy venting his enthusiasm in marches, singing, and drumming, but carries on his square shoulders the weight of fifty years; and so, by age and experience is qualified to speak to the young and old, to represent fairly the hundreds of their like; and, judging by their deeds, life, liberty, and leave to work seem to be what "the masses" demand in religious organisation; and do not their requirements square ex-



Candidate McAvoy.

Who collected \$40 for the Self-Denial effort, his largest only being \$10. Mrs. Durrant was head of the sisters, with \$15.—F. D.

Band Chat.

Berlin Band is doing good service under the present circumstances, but as the ranks number nine only, a few more players would be heartily welcome in the "buzzy" city.

A good first corner and an euphonium player are especially needed. Work will be found either for brass bands, or cabinet makers.

An Ontario visitor, Mr. McAvoy, recently wrote to the Editor of his Western trip, and a part of the home town, and something to say about The Lethbridge S. A. Band; here it is:—

"A word about The Salvation Army in Lethbridge. They have a band of about twenty-five strong with six cornet players. I listened to their sermons and testimonies and music on Sunday afternoon last. They have a lot of members, and there was a large crowd gathered to listen to them. I can say, Mr. McAvoy, was a good impression on the crowds, especially when I saw the collection they took up. They say the great multitude came out to sow the seed for the nourishment of the bodies, and they follow them up to sow the seed of our Redeemer for the nourishment of our souls."

"They certainly deserve great credit for the work they do."

The fact that the visitor is a resident of Berlin, a German, and highly musical place, makes the above comment all the more pleasing.

The Toronto 1. Band visited Swansea last week. The music which stirred the whole neighbourhood, was really splendid. Finances were also good.

A good solo cornet player will be welcome at the Toronto Temple Band. Work can be found immediately. Apply to write to Bandmaster, Toronto Band, James and Albert Sts., Toronto.

Chatham Band, under the leadership of Bandmaster Dunkley, is making excellent progress. The latest music is being played with great credit. Brothers Cooper, Dix and Harte of Galt, Oshawa and Woodville have been welcomed. The former has taken 1st cornet, and the latter two 1st baritone and solo horn respectively. The Band is now absolutely strong, but the Bandmaster has been so good as to open up for Bandmen who are in need of work and thinking of making a change; he would like to hear from some comrades on this matter, stating trade, if any, and instrument played.—E. H.

On Thursday night, June 17th, the Temple Band journeyed to Leth-Cole, a small town, and there in the cool evening air rendered some of the sweet music for the benefit of the residents. The band was led by the Bandmaster, who is now convalescing from a slight fever. This little effort on the part of the Band boys and their leader, was, naturally, much appreciated.



Magnus the Moose Jaw Corps Cadets.

Armed, at fourteen. I went to confession then, and the penance prescribed was that I had to write out the name of the sin so many thousand times; then the priest pronounced absolution. He gave me a piece of paper about the size of a letter sheet, to put down a dot for every sin I committed, but the sheet wasn't big enough at that age, for I began to drink at twelve, and would go out of church into the public house.

"My first job of work was as a printer in a house where they printed nothing but Bibles and prayer-books. I got there to swear something frightful, and into all manner of sin besides. As I amperman on a railway, he went steadily from bad to worse, until, at a little over thirty years of age, a pious baker took him into his employ, and persuaded him to go to the Wesleyan chapel, where he became a consistent member.

"Through neglect of prayer," his testimony runs, "I backslid, and went to drinking worse than ever and I got so low I didn't believe in God or man. I took my name off the church books, my fellow-members passed me by, and no one ever tried to get me back. I don't remember a sober night for six years."

"When The Army first came, I went to an open-air meeting, but wouldn't go inside because they had no music. The first time they paraded the streets with the Band I went out of a public-house to follow them."

"I was pretty drunk that night, and didn't I could to upset the meeting; but they bore with me, and at last I heard these words: 'If you go to hell, it will be over the mangled body of Jesus!' and they went through me like a bolt. I went to the penitent-form and God sobered me and has kept me the four and a-half years since."

"I took up the drum in the Band

actly with the commands of the Master to His Church?

Society has been for years trying to "elevate the masses" by the leverage of Christianity, but ignoring, for the most part, the simple and fundamental fact that a lever must go under the mass to be raised. The Salvation Army has been raised from the under stratum of society by the leverage of a Christianity which came down to it; and now, in turn it has the end of the lever. It only asks a place whereon to stand to move the world.

CAPABLE CORPS CADETS.

On this page is reproduced a portrait group of Moose Jaw's Corps-Cadets. Reading from the right they are as follows: C.C. R. Kirkpatrick; C.C. Guard G. Tomlinson; C.C. W. Lewis, and C.C. W. Vincent.

Our informant says, "They are as good a bunch of workers as you will find in the West, having distinguished themselves during S.D. by beating the Band, and collecting \$20.00. Their target was sixty dollars, same as the Band. C.C. R. Kirkpatrick is the champion collector of the Corps, and having succeeded in gathering the sum of \$31.00, most of it being in small amounts. Brother McCoy, one of our new Soldiers, being second, with C.C. Lewis a close third."

C.C. M. Kirkpatrick renders good service by assisting our Lieutenant in collecting the outlying districts.

The Corps-Cadets also take charge of the meetings on Saturday nights, and give a good account of themselves in that connection. The two boys play in the local Band. The two girls are good singers, and accompany themselves on the instruments they hold, or on the piano. I think they will be well heard of in the future.—Joybell.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.

Mammoth Railway Bridge.

The U. P. R. is building an immense bridge in Western Canada. When completed, it will be 212 feet high and over a mile long. The bridge will be erected on sixty-seven towers three of which will be founded on the bottom of the old Manitoba River. Over twelve thousand tons of steel will be used in its construction, and the total cost will be \$15,000,000. The bridge will cross a deep ravine around which the railway has hitherto had to make a detour of six miles.

Sinful Extravagance.

Some surprising evidence as to the extravagance of the rich was given in a suit for separation from her husband brought by Mrs. Howard Gould, wife of Jay Gould, the millionaire. She has asked for alimony amounting to \$120,000 a year, and to justify her large expenditure her lawyer had to tell what it cost to dress a woman of her station.

In 1906 she spent the first part of the winter at Ormond and Palm Beach, returned to New York and was at the St. Regis and Castle Gould, entertaining friends, and later went on a yachting trip. When at Castle Gould, there were coaching trips to Belmont Park, and it required many dresses for many occasions and the frocks had to be changed two or three times a day. There were morning gowns that cost from \$100 to \$150, evening gowns from \$200 to \$500, two gowns from \$300 to \$400, and afternoon gowns to wear around New York that cost as much as \$500. There were shoes for each evening gown, and also hats, costing from \$40 to \$100. The dress bill would all total up between \$35,000 and \$40,000 a year, the witness stated.

Such extravagance is foolish and wicked.

Think of the hungry people that could be fed, the suffering that could be relieved, the homeless that could be sheltered if those sums were devoted to such purposes, instead of being practically wasted in order to flatter a woman's vanity.

A Tornado's Freak.

The peculiar things that tornadoes do, are well known, but there has recently come to light an evidence of the freakish force of the wind, which is most extraordinary. During the storm which raged in Georgia some time ago, a big pine tree and a large plank were blown as if done by an expert carpenter.

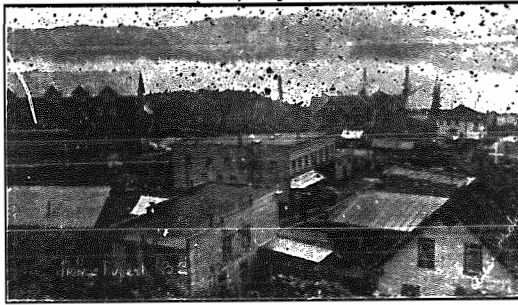
Although the tree was a large one, the plank was picked up and driven through the centre as neatly as if shot from a gun. The order was this: The plank struck the tree, but it went through without tearing the tree. The plank was picked up in the yard of Mr. Roberts's saw-mill, and other planks in the pile were not molested by the wind. So singular did Mr. Roberts consider this action of the tornado that he has posted a notice telling how the plank was driven through the big pine, and ordering that it shall not be cut down.

A Sea Monster.

The Boston "Herald" records another sea-serpent story, vouched for by the officers and crew of the British steamer "Meridillo." About five hundred miles from San Francisco, the crew saw a sight that almost made his hair stand on end. "Swimming parallel to the ship," he said, "was a monster lizard. It was as big as a whale. The ocean fairly seethed as it propelled itself with enormous dragon's claws. A band as broad as a pilot house and one coil of the beast's neck were above water.

"For a distance of nearly three hundred feet the sea heaved and was lashed into foam. I think the lizard was fully the length of the steamer, and I feared for the safety of the steamship as the creature, mailed in huge, bony scales of a dark green colour, swerved as if to come alongside. It had a sawlike ridge on its back and a girth was fully as broad as that of a whale.

"After the serpent had raced the ship several minutes it humped its



Prince Rupert

back and sounded. The swash from its commotion shook the ship and sent spray over the starboard rail."

We do not know what hideous monsters lurk in the depths of the ocean, but those that are seen occasionally most certainly astonish us.

A Stirring Call.

The Anglican Synod which recently met in Toronto struck the nail on the head when they reported as follows to the B.ishop:—

"Your committee regret the worldliness of so many members of our church; that the lives of so many are so self-centred, and that there is so little evidence of the spirit and practice of self-effacement, the mark of Christianity; that so many live lives of pleasure instead of the spiritual life, and that this finds expression in excessive novel-reading, week-end excursions, neglect of attendance at divine services, gambling and betting, with the consequent lack of conscientious superintendence by parents of the habits and conduct of their children and of their religious and moral education, the lack of family worship and the lack of devotion and consecration to the unlimited field of usefulness afforded by present conditions.

"Your committee feels that the time is opportune to consider carefully and press to consummation the holding of a mission throughout the various dioceses, looking to recalling men and women from worldliness of life to building them up in the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and to inspiring them to give of their time and abilities in the spirit of consecration and sacrifice for the service of God and His Church in the various Christian avenues of service."

A Suggested Change.

Dr. Dawson Burns has written a paper to the London "Guardian" in which he points out that no attempt has been made to remove the one verbal blot from Bishop Heber's great missionary hymn. The first four lines now read:

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand.

Grammatically the "where" of the third line, Dr. Burns says, connects "India's coral strand" locally with

"Afric's sunny fountains." To avoid this absurd construction, "from" he suggests, should precede "where" but the metre forbids an additional syllable. The difficulty would, he concludes, be met by a slight change, as under:

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand
From Afric's sunny fountains,
That bathe their golden sand.

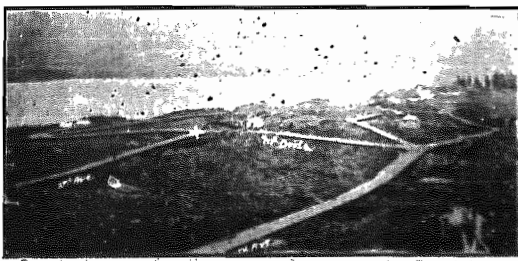
A "Westminster" reviewer suggests that a semicolon after "strand" might get over the difficulty, and certainly "bathe" seems commonplace after "roll down."

Of course, having got used to the original rendering, we naturally prefer it, and not many we think connect Africa with India, even though there is a grammatical error in the verse. Poets are allowed a little license in this direction anyhow, and no doubt we shall still go on singing the old hymn as it was written. The most important part, however, is the practical carrying out of the duties it enjoins—namely spreading the light to the dark places of the earth.

The Voice of Public Opinion.

At a convention recently held at Atlanta City, by the National Brewers' Association, great alarm was expressed at the spread of prohibition in the Southern and Western States, and the principal subject of deliberation was how to check this movement. They adopted a resolution by which they agreed not to invade states other than their own to sell beer to saloons which local dealers refuse to supply. This resolution, they declared, was aimed at the extermination of the "dives." It appears that when local brewers refused to supply saloons or other resorts of bad or immoral reputation all the keepers of such places had to do was to order beer from brewers in other states. The brewers, of each state now have the power to close the "dives" by refusing to deal with them. This, it is claimed, will be more effective in shutting up vicious resorts than any law short of absolute prohibition.

They thus pose as moral reformers, and say they are raising the character of the saloon business. They would not have done it however, unless forced into a corner by public opinion. We believe that the public will yet force the brewers to retire from business, by a simply refusing to buy their vile products.



Another View of Prince Rupert.

Some Astonished Thieves.

The Pope recently astonished the world by handing over to the Roman police some burglars caught in the Vatican. When the temporal power fell, Pius IX. established a law court to be used to judge crimes and misdemeanors within his boundaries. The Italian State retorted by declaring that if the Vatican tribunal condemned or imprisoned anyone for any reason it would step in and forcibly remove the prisoner. Leo X. did not use his courts, nor would he appeal to the State's courts; so that during his pontificate several notable frauds, in which he lost considerable sums, went totally unpunished. The present Pope is above everything, practical, and so, when three thieves were taken red handed, with complete sets of burglars' tools in their possession, in the Vatican gardens, to their intense surprise and that of the inmates of the Apostolic Palace the Pontiff at once gave instructions for them to be handed over to the Italian police, to be dealt with according to the laws of the state.

Leprosy.

After being examined at Honolulu, ten supposed lepers from the island of Molokai were declared to be free of the disease. Some of the poor people had been so long at the leper hospital, however, that they had been sent to the leper hospital elsewhere else to go. The leper is and indeed. Once with the terrible disease, they were isolated from the rest of mankind, and never returned to the United States of recent years has given rise to some apprehensions in the minds of those responsible for the public health, and it is being urged that a special national hospital be founded for the isolation and care of lepers.

Leprosy was practically unknown on this continent until about the middle of the last century, when cases appeared at the seaports of the southern states. About the same time a vessel was wrecked on the coast of New Brunswick, the survivors of which were found afflicted with leprosy. They were confined in a colony by themselves at Tracadie, where they have been tended by nuns to the present day these devoted women have voluntarily gone into the most dismal of life-long exiles out of compassion for the lepers. Nothing certain is known of the cause of leprosy. It may continue for many years without causing death, but when fatal it is incurable. The appearance of it recently in many parts of the United States has been attributed to the influx of immigrants from eastern poor and congested countries. But whatever its origin, demands careful attention, or a new leprosy might sweep over the continent.

The Brewers' Threat.

During the agitation against the Licensing Bill in England last year the threat of the brewers was "You beer will cost you more" and this year the same cry is being repeated with the object of defeating the Budget proposals. In order to show that they mean business, the Brewers' Society have decided to raise the price of beer one half-penny per pint in commutation on this, the "Penny Beer" says:—

"By the threatened increased prices the liquor trade propose to collect four millions for the Government and sixteen millions for the 'trade' floating fund, but it is doubtful whether they have considered what might be the effect of a counter-move by the working-man who is asked to foot the bill. What would be the effect if, during the first week of advanced prices the working-man was to abstain from liquor—just for one week?

The consequence would be electric. Beer and spirits would be quickly enough reduced in price, and we should hear no more 'trade' threats about 'dearer beer.' The working-man holds the trump card, and whenever he chooses to play it, the 'trade' is doomed!"

Eastern Echoes.

The Provincial Commander and Captain Dalzell have recently put in a week-end at North Head, where they had a very profitable time indeed. This is the Captain's home, and the people are always glad to have a visit from him. They also appreciate the kindness of the P. C. in coming to visit them for a week-end.

While Captain Dalzell was at her home, she received a wire that her brother, a Springfield, was very low and on his return to P. H. Q. took the midnight train to Springfield, from which place she reports that there is not much hope for her brother's recovery. Pray for the Captain and her parents in this time of trial.

"Traveller" has just been informed that the P. C. and the Provincial Cashier, Captain Shearing, had a splendid week-end at Digby. On Saturday the Colonel gave his illustrated lecture on Bermuda; Sunday morning he took the service in the Baptist church, while Captain Morris the C. O., and the Cashier, visited the Methodist church. In the afternoon the P. C. gave a very interesting lecture on the "Social Work of the Army," to a very appreciative audience.

The pastor of the Methodist church very kindly placed his church at the disposal of The S. A. for Sunday night, and the P. C. with his Staff fully urged by offer, and conducted a service, after which, a splendidly great benefit to the local S. A. The fight has been rather uphill lately, but is now improving splendidly.

The S. A. in Bermuda has lost a tried and faithful friend, in the person of Mr. Walter, the father of Captain Wallace White, of Montreal and Treasurer White, of Hamilton, Bermuda, Corps, after an illness of four days. The P. S. visited Brother White and prayed with him just before sailing for home from his recent visit. We extend our sympathies to the bereaved family.

The Provincial Secretary and the Provincial Cashier visited St. John V. for Sunday afternoon and night of 6th. The afternoon meeting was held on Fort Howe Hill (this being the opening service for the summer. At the night meeting in the barracks two great salvation. Mrs. Colonel Turner and Mrs. Brigadier Collier rendered valuable assistance; also Adj. Cornish. We were all pleased to see three Bermuda comrades present, who all took part.

The united meeting for the City was held at St. L. The P. S. presided and gave a short account of his recent visit to the Sunny South, which was much appreciated by all present. Each of the Commanding Officers of the city spoke.

Who has not heard of the Annapolis Valley? Traveller has been doing some moving around in this part of the Province of late, and has had some good times. Bear River was the first place visited. We had a good meeting but could not persuade anyone to accept salvation. Captain Backus, T. F. S., gave us a helping hand here.

We have a new Hall and Quarters at Bridgetown, fitted up specially for the local Corps by one of the business men at a reasonable rent, so that now, instead of being on the third floor, we are on the ground floor which is a great improvement. The order is much better, and things are improving. One soul sought salvation at the meeting conducted by the P. S.

Windsor is an old battle-ground. It was our Division eighteen years ago. Ensign and Mrs. Ash have done well and are taking up an interest in increasing and they are full of faith for a good summer.

(Continued on page 12)

Professor Hawley Goes West.

He Gives the Editor a Few Biographical Facts Whilst in Toronto.

PROFESSOR HAWLEY, late of Charlottetown, recently popped into the Editorial office to bid us good day and God bless you, and we learn that he was on his way out West.



Professor Hawley.

"And so you are going to Winnipeg," said an interviewer.

"Yes," he replied, "sorry for Winnipeg, but it cannot be helped."

"Quite a change for you is it not?"

"Decidedly so. But I have told my dear father and mother, who live at Campbellford, that this will be striking an average, as Winnipeg is as far West as Charlottetown is East."

"How long have you been in Charlottetown?"

"Twenty-four years, fourteen of which have been spent in The Army."

"Quite a long time; your friends regarded you as a fixture in the East."

"I assure you the change was unsought and unexpected. Makes one feel very pilgrim-like. Yet I would not have given it consideration, had it not seemed in line with Providence."

"You would not find it easy leaving the friendships and associations of so many years?"

"Now you touch a tender chord in a tender heart. It was a big wrench to leave the 'Sweet Little Corps by the Sea.' I love it and love all the many warm hearts there. From these farewell reports, these letters, addresses and beautiful, tangible tokens, you will agree that the love is mutual. Saying good-bye will not break the ties and the perspective of time and distance will strengthen them still more."

"Such expressions are creditable to your heart, but you will find no friends, and perhaps a larger sphere of usefulness in Winnipeg?"

"Yes, I agree. The craving for more friends increases year by year. Life is lonely without them. I will find them if worthy, and I am not fretting about the work. It is a delight to do my little share. Winnipeg looms kindly to me, and I pray that the future days may make me of some blessing there."

"May I ask why and how you came into The Salvation Army?"

"To the 'how' there is no answer. Like Paul's seventh heaven, or the Kingdom itself, one may feel and know, but cannot tell. There are no words, but the Spirit answers. My call to The Army was unmistakable."

"As to the 'why' Briefly, at a time when I was longing for more reality in life, and determined to have a religion of constant refresh and joy, my ideal and all too rare type of character crossed my path, in the person of Mrs. Austin Shaw, then Ensign Ethel Galt. The sum is now easy. We don't make a mistake usually in im-

tating happy people. (Let all sad and sour souls sit up and take notice.) I recruited."

"And have you realised your expectations?"

"Quite fully. The Army has a fault or two, but so many virtues. It is a wonderful door. It is unique, and there is no limit to its diversity."

"What branches have you been most interested in?"

"Oh, I have taken kindly to many lines. Hospital visiting appeals to me, but I have also enjoyed Junior and Hand of Love work, property, music, etc. One is supposed to fit in anywhere. However song-writing appeals to me the most. It is gratifying to know one's songs are being used to bless, and are living after some years of service. I hope to be of greater blessing along this line."

"Well, comrade, I commend you to Winnipeg. They will welcome you, do not fear and you will find abundant scope there for your many activities."

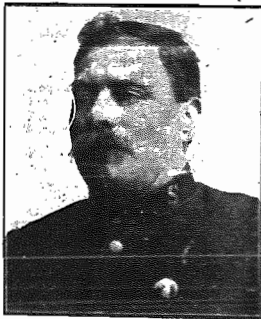
"Thank you, Brother Editor. It is ever before me to 'make good,' to live in the present and to clutch."

"Success to you in your work. The Cry is doing nobly. Those are your Christmas plates? Christmas! You make me shiver. Well, say for me that they are typically Canadian, and that surely go any previous number two or three better. Good bye."

COLOR-SERGEANT WIRLEY, OF CALGARY.

A Striking Career.

Our comrade served seventeen years in H. M. service, and has travelled almost around the world. He was present at the forcing of the passage of the Dardanelles, in 1877; sailed



Colour-Sergeant Wirley.

through the Baltic in 1881 with the Duke of Edinburgh; spent eighteen months in the South African War, and was for seven years in India. He never entered a place of worship only when forced to go; was a drunkard for four and a sinner of the deepest dye. Got saved in The Salvation Army at Calgary, over two years ago, and never misses a march or meeting. He carries the flag in the processions. He sold 519 Christmas War Cry, and 400 Easter Cry; collected \$400 for S. D. from private houses only. Is a real blood and fire Soldier in every way, and The Army is proud of him and others like him.

More than ever am I determined to keep clear of all worldly conformity, and to say of its maxims, its practices, and all its paltry gratifications, "The daughter of Zion hath despised thee."

The three steps necessary in order to get this experience of holiness are: First, renounce everything for which the Spirit reproves you. Second, embrace every duty He lays upon you. Third, believe.

Music Competition.

Open to Musical Salvationists Throughout the World.

Our Bandmen and other musical comrades throughout the world, will be interested to know that, in accordance with the announcement made last year, the Chief of the Staff has approved a Competition for Band Selections to be held during the current year.

As on previous occasions, the Musical Board at International Headquarters will adjudicate on the selections sent in, and cash prizes, accompanied by Certificates of Merit, will be awarded as follows:—

First Prize, £33.0.
Second Prize, £11.16.

A Certificate of Merit will be given the competitor taking the third place. There will be no competition on this year for either Marches or Vocal pieces.

The Competition will be open to Salvationists of all ranks in every land, excepting persons who are employed by The Army in composing or editing music.

The selections submitted must be received in London between September 1st and 15th. Full particulars, together with conditions and Form of entry, may be obtained from the Secretary, Musical Board, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C.

Intending competitors are urged to make immediate application, so that they may understand exactly what the conditions of the Competition are before they commence their work.

MAJOR AND MRS. PLANT AT THE TEMPLE.

People Delighted With Music and Song—A Memorial Service For Father Teagle.

The visit of Major and Mrs. Plant to the Temple provided a musical treat, which was much appreciated. On Saturday, June 19th they conducted a meeting of highly entertaining and profitable character, and the soul knelt at the mercy seat. All day on Sunday, they led very interesting meetings.

A memorial service for the late Father Teagle was held at night; Sergeant Bradley, Mrs. Adjutant Wood and Adjutant Adams, sang, and briefly speaking in reference to the holy life and triumphant death of the oldest Soldier of the Temple.

As appropriate to the occasion the Songsters sang "Death-bed Song," and the Band rendered a selection entitled "Redemption," while Mrs. Plant selected, "Only remembered by what we have done."

The Major then gave a powerful address on the text, "What must I do to be saved?" One soul knelt at the mercy seat. In the afternoon some very interesting testimonies were given, one speaker being a Hindu with coal black face and long hair. The story of his conversion from heathenism to Christianity through the agency of The Salvation Army, and the consequent persecution he endured from his people forcing him to escape from India, was quite thrilling.

On Monday night Major and Mrs. Plant gave their popular musical service, "Round the World in a Chariot of Music and Song." Lieutenant Colonel Southall occupied the chair.

A Long Imprisoned Lizard.

A remarkable find is recorded by a Montana miner. Whilst excavating he uncovered a lizard about nine feet from the surface and embedded in the solid rock. There is no conceivable method by which the lizard could have entered the cavity since nature closed the gap thousands of years ago. When first uncovered the reptile was found when brought to the light it showed some signs of life. There is no evidence that it had been affected injuriously by its long fast and imprisonment in the solid rock.

Camp Meeting Notes.

By S. E.

The Camp Meetings are now in full swing, and each succeeding service contributes added interest.

These notes foreshadow the closing meetings of the Campaign. The announcement of Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin's subject, "The Spirit-Filled Life," will serve to sharpen the appetites of all who are seeking a closer walk with God. The reinforcements from Dovercourt will all help to strengthen the hands of the leaders, Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin and Brigadier Rawlins, and make Friday, July 2nd, a red-letter date.

Brigadier Taylor on Saturday night promises a bright and original meeting with his Cadets. He can fill the bill all right.

July 4th brings us to the last Sunday when Colonel Mapp, the Chief Secretary, will take charge of the meetings.

In connection with the Grand Finale on Monday, July 5th, The Army's 44th Birthday will be celebrated in a manner befitting such an historic event. There will be a great mobilisation of all the city troops and a popular programme will be given by a splendid musical aggregation numbering 150 performers under the leadership of Brigadier Morris. One of the unique features of the meeting will be a National Flag display. There will be varied illuminations and ample accommodation for thousands. Great preparations are being made under the direction of the Chief Secretary, who will be assisted by all the leading Staff Officers. The last word has been said when we say that this meeting is expected to eclipse anything previously attempted in connection with the Annual Camp Meetings.

OFFICERS FAREWELL.

Brigadier Morehen's Visit.

Sheilburne, N. S.—We said good-bye to our Officers, Adjutant and Mrs. Lorimer, on the 8th inst. For the past six months they have laboured faithfully among us, and God has made them a great blessing to both saint and sinner.

Lieutenant Poole, from Liverpool, is in charge for the present.

This week-end we were delighted to have with us Brigadier and Mrs. Morehen, of Halifax.

Our S. A. Hall was well filled during all the services led by the visiting Officers. One of the many pleasing features of the visit of our D. O., was a lecture which he gave on Monday evening, "Wonderful Trophies of Grace That I Have Met." He related many incidents of a humorous nature, which "brought down the house," with laughter and cheers, and again some that were touching in the extreme. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all.—M. Enslow.

A fine brick Hall is being erected for the Red Avenue Corps, Toronto.

The Commissioning of Cadets in Training will take place on July 12th. The proceedings will be conducted in the absence of the Commissioner, by the Chief Secretary. We are looking forward to having a good time.

Opening of the New Hall for Old No. 1. By the Commissioner.

Canada's First Corps Enters Its New Home.

FOR many years past, the Number 1 Corps of The Salvation Army in Canada has been subjected to many vicissitudes—so far as Barrack accommodation is concerned. It has dwelt in tents, stores, and temporary halls, but has had no permanent dwelling place. We are, however, very happy to say that now it is nearer having a permanent and suitable home than it has been for a long period.

A splendid site had been secured on Queen Street one of Toronto's great thoroughfares, and through the liberality of the Commissioner, it was made possible, in connection with The General's 80th Birthday Celebrations, to lay the foundation stone of a Hall, which, for the present, shall be used as the Soldier Soldiers' Hall, but ultimately, it is hoped, will be taken over by the Juniors, and the Seniors be housed in a splendid large building of the Citadel type.

The present Hall was opened by the Commissioner last Thursday night. It has accommodation for about three hundred persons is well-lighted and ventilated, and altogether, is a very comfortable little place.

A very large crowd had gathered in front of the building, which opens on Teumesseth Street, comprising Salvationists from all over the city; for it is truly astonishing what a number of persons have been brought to God by the efforts of this Corps. Pastors of various denominations were converts of Old No. 1; Officers in many parts of the world knelt in contrition at its penitential form while Soldiers scattered throughout the Dominion were enrolled under its flag. Great interest was, therefore, felt in the city, in connection with the opening.

The Staff Band played several sections in front of the Hall, which was decorated with flags and streamers and at the appointed time the Commissioner, attended by the Provincial Officer and the Territorial Headquarters' Staff, took his position near the door, and in an interesting speech described the career of the Corps, after which he called upon the Provincial Officer to pray and then in the name of the Holy Trinity and The Salvation Army, threw the door open.

To the strains of the "Maple Leaf," the Soldiers of No. 1, rushed in and took possession of their new Hall.

Many were the ejaculations of pleasure from the crowd that filled the Hall in every corner, and it was with joyful hearts that they joined in the opening song, "Marching on in the light of God"—which was given out by the Chief Secretary.

After Major Cameron had prayed, the Commissioner called on the Chief Secretary to offer up a dedicatory prayer. The Commissioner then referred at greater length to the career of the Corps, and read a message signed by the Commanding and Local Officers of Toronto No. 11. (the Lipincott Corps) in which these comrades congratulated the No. 1 Corps on having secured a permanent home. A sentiment, said the Commissioner, that all the other Corps in the city

had expressed, and which was shared by persons all over the Dominion, who had been spiritually indebted to Canada's first Corps.

This is the message the Commissioner read:—

"Dear Commissioner,—We the undersigned Officers and Locals of Toronto No. 1, desire to place on record our sincere appreciation of the success of No. 1, in the acquisition of a permanent home of their own.

"We pray God's richest blessing on the building, and may it be the birthplace of many souls.

(Signed)

Adjutant and Mrs. Hancock C. O.'s.
Edward Smith, Secretary.
F. S. Stevens, Treasurer.
J. Bearcroft, Sergeant-Major.
Mrs. Pattenden, Recruiting Sergt.
Henry H. Ives, Bandmaster.
W. Horwood, Y. P. Sergt.-Major."

The Commissioner then, in a stirring call to arms, exhorted the Soldiers of the Corps to keep clear of things that hindered, to honour God, and to shoulder their responsible duties.

After a song by the Staff Band, an old Canadian comrade, Brigadier Baugh was called upon to address the meeting. He was received most heartily, and said that the last time he addressed a Canadian meeting led by the Commissioner. It was in the old Richmond Street Barracks. He gave some stirring war memories, and was listened to with rapt interest. He shortly afterwards left the meeting to start on his homeward journey.

The Commissioner gave a striking B.U. address, based on the passage, "There failed not any good thing that the Lord promised to Israel." It was an address full of inspiration and encouragement, and in the prayer meeting that followed a considerable number consecrated themselves to God for more loyal and devoted service.

The opening service was a great success. We pray that it may continue.

CAPTAIN RAMER AT FOREST.

Forest.—In the absence of our Officers, Captain and Mrs. Taylor, who have been on furlough for two weeks, the comrades have been conducting the meetings, until Saturday and Sunday last, when Captain R. Ramer of Divisional Headquarters, Stratford, came our way and took charge of the meetings for the week-end. The Captain's addresses were very profitable, and much enjoyed by the people.—One of them.

ENROLLMENT AT NEWMARKET.

Lieutenant at Methodist Church, Newmarket.—On Sunday morning, June 13th Lieut. West took the service at the Methodist Church, Bradford, and in the evening Brother King a Methodist, took the lesson for us. Sunday, June 20th, we had with us Brother Bazzo, of Toronto, and three comrades from Uxbridge. At the evening meeting Lieut. West enrolled five new Soldiers. Good crowds were in attendance all day, and three souls found pardon.—C.C.

HAVE YOU HEARD THE CALL?

Young Men and Women are Responding—What About YOU?

Fourteen Accepted Last Week—More Blood and Fire, Consecrated Lives Wanted for the King's Service—The General is Coming!

Do you realise how quickly the weeks roll round, and in turn tell off the months? To the most indifferent individual this thought must surely compel serious attention at times, while to Christians generally, and The Salvationist in particular, it becomes a daily study and a serious contemplation as to how best to employ one's time and talents.

To many the enquiry is already answered. For them there is but one way—the finger of God has pointed to the open door of opportunity afforded by Officership in The Army. Right along young men and women are responding to that call—fourteen having been accepted at a recent Candidates' Council.

Unfortunately, there are some who are halting, even though they realise that duty calls, and has said, "Your place is there." How many lives are filled with anguish and regret to-day all up and down the country, as a result of a neglected opportunity. They had no intention of becoming wilfully disobedient—but the effect of "parleying" or hesitating has been to produce the same result. The only safe way, is a quick and uncompromising acceptance of the injunction—"Whatsoever He saith unto thee Do it!"

The next Session opens about the middle of September, and those who desire to enter at that time should make application at once—if they have not done so—to the D. O. or P. C., so that their case may be decided in good time.

The visit of The General, and the Opportunity of hearing him in Council, should be a strong inducement to every prospective Candidate to enter this Session if possible. It may be a long time before such a privilege may be offered again. Hurry up, then, with your application. Do it Now!

THE BEST HE HAD STRUCK.

And So He Wanted More.

"Johnny, Dear,—Please get me two more copies of that War Cry of June 5th, and oblige.—Tom.

"P. S.—I am astonished at the improvement in that paper. There are items in it worth more than in any paper, claiming to be religious, that I have struck recently. If only the rank and file of The Army were like Mr. Bramwell Booth, they would turn the world upside down. I have had his likeness pasted in the front of my Bible for years."

This unelicited appreciation of the War Cry was, a few days ago, handed to Captain Murphy, of Port Hope, by a Grand Trunk ticket agent, who said he received it from a friend of his in the country.

We quite agree with the writer; do you?

WAR CRY

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GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Lieutenant Elsie Corle of St. John's, Nfld. Rescue Home, to be Captain.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

ANOTHER PROMOTED COMRADE.

Another warrior has been called up higher, and Brigadier Stewart, whose form was so familiar at Territorial Headquarters will move amongst us no more. She will be missed—but mostly by the poor and sorrowing. The crowd of needy ones that thronged the door of the Women's Social Department, will miss her; the girl in trouble in the police court will look in vain for her—and yet not look in vain for help—another comrade has taken her place—and the little class of young girls at the Temple Corps will miss her wise counsel. The Brigadier was a woman with a wise head and a big heart, and the work she accomplished shows what opportunities The Salvation Army affords those who possess these qualifications. There are comrades to-day, from Vancouver to Newfoundland, engaged in the rescue and helping of unfortunate womanhood who regarded the Brigadier with the most affectionate respect and who will shed hot tears at the intelligence of her death; there are women—old and young—to whom the Brigadier has extended the helping hand, who will call her blessed when they hear the sad news, and feel they have been bereft of one of their truest friends. There is of charitable organisations, and institutions for the punishment or re-embodiment of vice or wrong doing, will miss her sane advice—the result of the experience and ripe judgment of those under whose direction she worked. This sphere of usefulness had been opened to this comrade by The Salvation Army. When she entered The Army Work she was in business and was doing well, from a merely material standpoint, but her case was another example of that Scripture which says that "He that loveth his life for My sake shall find it." The Brigadier became an Officer, and closed her successful career amidst the attentions of loving comrades, the regrets of those who are endeavouring to serve their fellows, and the tears of reclaimed erring ones. How can one die better? This warrior has fallen in the fight. Some one's wanted to take her place. What about you dear reader? Will you consecrate your life and talents to the same purpose that our comrade consecrated hers—and reap the same reward at the finish?

Lieut. Colonel Howell has returned from his trip West. Not only has he been able to put in good work connected with his Department, as well as in other directions, but has greatly improved in his health. We are glad to have the Colonel back.

Promotion to Glory of Brigadier Stewart.

FROM GRACE HOSPITAL TO THE GLORYLAND.

At midnight, Tuesday, June 22nd, Brigadier Annie Stewart entered into the presence of her Lord.

She passed from a room in the Grace Hospital Winnipeg, where four white-robed comrades had waited upon her with a solitude born of deep affection, into the presence of Him that sitteth upon the throne, to mingle her praises with those who had washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb. Amidst the darkness of a summer midnight, she went up and entered into that land where they need no candle, nor sun nor moon, but where the glory of God sufficeth.

Why should we mourn?

Nevertheless, there were many sad looking countenances at Headquarters on Wednesday morning, when the sorrowful news became known.

As our readers will remember, some months ago the Brigadier was taken suddenly ill with hemorrhage of the brain and for a time the gravest fears were entertained concerning her recovery. Her strong vitality, however, to the delight of her comrades and friends, asserted



Brigadier Stewart.

itself, and she so far recovered as to be able to resume her duties as Secretary to Mrs. Coombs, for the Women's Social Work.

But the rally was of brief duration and her condition again became very serious.

As will be readily understood, the Brigadier had become deeply attached to Mrs. Coombs, and at her request very kindly went with her to the doctor who strongly recommended that she should have a change of air, and suggested Winnipeg. Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs thereupon made speedy arrangements for our comrade to go to that city. Mrs. Coombs herself, performed the long journey so as to comfort and cheer the Brigadier on the way.

In connection with this journey there were one or two little incidents which throw a search-light gleam on her character.

In the preparations for travel, it was found that the Brigadier had given her last change of clothing to a poor old woman, and that it was necessary for Mrs. Coombs to procure clothing for her, before the journey could be undertaken. This is essentially characteristic of our late comrade. She was possessed of a slight personal income, which, with her salary was largely disbursed in deeds of charity.

Again, on the way to Winnipeg, she said to Mrs. Coombs that she only wanted to talk about God and her work. Truly she possessed the mind that was in Christ Jesus.

Winnipeg seemed to do her good. She improved so much that Mrs. Coombs left her to the kind care of the nurses at Grace Hospital, hoping that she would soon be able to see her again at Toronto.

The rally again proved only temporary. She grew worse and having expressed a strong desire that Mrs. Coombs should be by her side in the supreme hour, our Leader once more took the long journey to Winnipeg, that she might, personally afford comfort and cheer to her devoted fellow-worker. Her presence was a great comfort to the sufferer until she became so weak as to be frequently unconscious. Then, on Tuesday, at midnight, the end came. God's will be done.

The body was brought to Toronto, and was received at the Depot by a number of the Headquarters' Staff and conveyed to the Temple, where

it was viewed by a large number of friends and comrades.

Brigadier Burditt the Provincial Officer, accompanied the remains to Toronto. The nurses at the hospital were most unrelenting in their attentions to our comrade. God bless them.

The following cable has been received by the Commissioner from International Headquarters:—

"We are sorry to hear that Brigadier Stewart has triumphantly passed over the River.

"Please convey to all concerned our expression of sympathy."

At the time of writing, it has been decided that the funeral service will be held on Saturday afternoon in the Temple, and the interment will take place at Mount Pleasant. A great Memorial Service will be conducted by Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs at the Dufferin Grove Camp, on Sunday night.

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Brigadier Annie Stewart first came under The Army's influence in the town of Guelph Ont., in the year 1887, when Major David Creighton was the commanding Officer of that Corps.

In partnership with another young woman, Miss Stewart, at that time, conducted a prosperous dress-making establishment. She was then a member of the Methodist Church and her zeal for the cause of Christ manifested itself by her becoming a Sunday School teacher.

After attending several of The Army's holiness meetings, she became convinced that God wanted her to devote herself wholly to the work of God as an Officer in The Salvation Army. It meant much for her to take this step and for years she hesitated to venture upon the path God so plainly marked out for her. It was not till 1891, therefore, that she wholly surrendered her will to God and promised to follow wheresoever He chose to lead her. At that period of her life she was in Toronto, and the Lisgar Street Corps can claim the honour of sending her into the work as a Cadet. The reclaiming of her fallen sisters was the branch of Army activities that most took hold of the sympathies of this noble and consecrated woman, and she determined to devote her life to working behind the scenes in The Army's Rescue Homes, content to fill a little place if she could but do her work well and please her heavenly Master. But God called her to do a great work for Him. After receiving her training in the Toronto Rescue Home, she was promoted to Lieutenant and continued to labour on in the same place. In 1892 she was promoted to the rank of Captain and sent to the Montreal Rescue Home. Whilst in this city, she again met with Major Creighton, and very much surprised that worthy Officer by informing him that it was owing to his influence she came into The Army Work. He had not known her in Guelph. She had come and gone to the meetings very quietly, and had given so outwardly a sign that she was impressed, but the seed sown had struck rich soil and in due time it sprang up and bore abundant fruit. Here is encouragement for those Officers who do not see great and immediate results of their preaching and praying and toiling. Be faithful.

(Continued on page 11.)

GREAT MEMORIAL SERVICE

FOR COMMISSIONER BOOTH-HELLBERG IN NEW YORK.

The Commander Made a Powerful Appeal—Colonel Mapp's Eloquent Tribute.

Commander Miss Booth, assisted by Colonels Mapp and McIntyre, conducted a solemn service in the Cooper Union Hall, on Sunday night in memory of Commissioner Booth-Hellberg.

The Commander's address was a mighty effort. Overwhelming in attack irresistible in its tender appeal, Miss Booth exalted the wisdom of a holy life as viewed from the vantage point of a dying hour, and denounced sin as being the sting of death. In moving terms she described the blessedness of having Jesus as a companion when crossing the River, and the whole audience was deeply moved by the appeal.

Colonel Mapp paid an eloquent tribute to the late Commissioner's mental and spiritual greatness, and his tender references to Commissioner Lucy evoked tears.

The whole meeting was a powerful call to friendship with God. There were twenty-two at the mercy seat. A mighty impression was made by the Holy Spirit.

Colonel Mapp was at the Bowery Corps all day on Sunday, and his eloquent, thoughtful and fiery addresses found responsive hearts, some nineteen having come to the mercy seat. —Cox.

Headquarters' Notes.

The Commissioner is busily occupied at Headquarters, getting matter ready for his visit to the International Headquarters.

The Camp Meetings have had a very good beginning—large crowds, great interest and showers of blessing. The Commissioner was at the helm all day Sunday and did magnificently.

The Chief Secretary reports an excellent week-end in New York. Further particulars are in the Press Telegram from the Editor of the New York War Cry. Many comrades in New York have kindly recollections of their experiences in Toronto, and other parts of Canada, and many were the messages of love and good-will despatched through the Chief Secretary.

The Field Secretary is busy preparing a list of Field changes to take place in the middle of July, for the consideration of the Commissioner and Chief Secretary, before the former leaves for I. H. Q.

Full particulars are printed elsewhere, regarding the Promotion to Glory of Brigadier Stewart. We feel, however, that we cannot allow the War Cry to be issued without a note of regret and expression of sympathy from Territorial Headquarters, seeing that the Brigadier was member of Territorial Headquarters Staff for so many years. We shall miss her kindly, genial and inspiring presence very much indeed.

Captain McGrath is rendering good service in the West. His health is very unsatisfactory, but he is holding bravely on.

THE DUFFERIN GROVE CAMP MEETINGS.

The Commissioner Conducts Magnificent Sunday Services.

The Meetings Splendidly Successful and Up-to-Date—Souls Saved, Backsliders Restored, and God's People Inspired.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

DUFFERIN GROVE is again the camping-ground for the Annual Camp Meetings in Toronto. It is true that recent developments have thinned the trees and the uprooted stumps which he gazing up into the blue sky, show that what winter storms failed to do, the axe of man has accomplished. Still there are plenty of fine old pines remaining to shade the grass and render the grove a delightful spot, and very picturesque indeed, did the Camp look in the sunlight last Sunday, with its striped canvas tents ranged in regular order in the form of a large square against a background of green foliage and umber tree trunks.

The tent in which the meetings are held is designed to accommodate a thousand persons, and is substantially seated.

The Camp is excellently laid out, and reflects great credit on Brigadier Taylor and his assistants. We hope all those who are thus under canvas will have a pleasant time.

It had been announced that the Chief Secretary would conduct the opening services on Saturday night, but as was stated in last week's War Cry, he went to New York to be present at the Memorial meeting of Commissioner Booth-Hellberg, which was conducted by Commander Miss Booth.

Of course, we greatly missed the Chief Secretary, but we had Mrs. Mapp with us and Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin made a very acceptable substitute.

The Staff Band furnished special music; there were excellent speeches, and a good crowd was present.

After prayer by Mrs. Colonel Mapp and the Editor, the Field Secretary read a message in which Colonel Mapp gave the reasons for his absence, and expressed his profound regret at his inability to be present, with the best of wishes for a good time.

Brigadier Potter—the first speaker. He described the last Camp Meeting he attended in the United States and the first in Canada. In the States, out on a Kansas plain, was erected a large tent; not a house was in sight, but at the time appointed for the meeting, the tent was filled with farmers and others from the surrounding country. A time of great blessing was experienced. Last year he attended his first Camp Meetings in Dufferin Grove. The scene was changed. The tent stood in the midst of shady pines, the homes of the citizens surrounded the grove. But the results were the same. Crowded tents and much spiritual blessing. God was in the suabakned place as well as in the sheltering grove. The Brigadier had great faith for mighty spiritual blessings in connection with these meetings, and his hope was stimulating.

Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin gave a stirring exhortation, and made use of an

impressive illustration. Several years ago he and Mrs. Southall journeyed to the Old Country, and some time afterward learned that the ship in which they had returned to Canada had gone ashore in the Bay of Fundy.

The captain had shown them much consideration and, on the news of the disaster, the Colonel wrote him a letter of sympathy. The ship's captain wrote a touching reply, in which he stated that the misfortune that had attended him had affected him very much. For thirty-five years he had sailed the seas, and no such thing had happened to him. The ship's instruments were all right, and they appeared to be steering by the chart, but the treacherous currents, for which the Bay of Fundy was noted, had, without its being noticed, carried the ship out of its course on to the rocks.

It is easy to see that this incident furnished the Colonel with the basis for a powerful appeal to all present to take heed to their ways.

The speaking was interspersed with singing and playing by the Staff Band.

The concluding address was by Colonel Gaskin, who told of the first Camp Meeting that had blessed him. It was that recorded in the eleventh chapter of Numbers, when Eldad and Medad prophesied in the camp. It was an apt subject for the opening of a Camp Meeting Campaign, and in the hands of the Field Secretary, was made an excellent exhortation for the rank and file to lay themselves out for a baptism of the Holy Ghost, and, to prophesy (or preach) in the Camp.

This meeting was an excellent beginning and we went away with great expectations for the morrow.

SUNDAY MORNING.

The weather on Sunday was superb. Bright sunshine, tempered with a cooling breeze formed the atmospheric conditions, and a very large crowd gathered under the trees to listen to the splendid music of the Staff Band, afterward attending the meeting under canvas.

The Commissioner was in command all day on Sunday, and was supported by the Territorial Headquarters' Staff. The congregations were magnificent throughout, and the services characterized by great spiritual power, and were very enjoyable.

The Staff Band furnished much of the vocal and all the instrumental music. The rendition of some of the vocal pieces was particularly fine. For instance, the singing by the Male Voice Choir of the song "Here am I, Lord, send me" was most impressive in the morning's meeting, and showed the results that can be attained by naturally musical voices in a high degree of culture.

The Commissioner then read, with comments, the 96th Psalm, the object being to remind us all of the almightiness of the Almighty God, so

that at the beginning of the Camp Meeting Campaign our faith and aspirations might be enlarged and that God should do great things amongst us. The Commissioner's illustrations were largely suggested by his recent trip to the North, and were singularly interesting and apt.

The principal address by the Commissioner in that morning's meeting, was based on the words, "Where is the God of Elijah?" Considerations of space forbid our reporting this address but it was a thoughtful and well delivered discourse, in which the Commissioner showed that even such a stalwart as Elijah was subject to fits of depression and seasons of weakness, and that we, commonplace people as we are, should take encouragement from the fact that "Elijah was a man of like passions as we are" and, remembering what great things God enabled His prophet to do, should, even as Elshaz did, put the Lord God of Elijah to the test, and do valiantly.

It was a soul-stirring meeting and we have no doubt that many who sat on the lumber seats made resolves in their own souls that will bear fruit in days to come.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

The afternoon was bright and lovely. Brigadier Adby sang a stirring song, the Staff Band played "Battle Strains," with a vim and melodiousness that charmed all, and then sang, "Keep in the middle of the road" in a manner that, though it amused, did not lessen the significance of the lesson it imparted.

The Commissioner had a number of Officers, Soldiers and friends to testify; amongst the latter being Brother Duncan, who, when the Commissioner first came to Toronto with his wife and little ones took them into his home and offered them, to begin with, the two best rooms in his house for two months. His hospitality has ever been remembered, and he has had the satisfaction of seeing the Organisation he befriended in the days of long ago, grow into its present dimensions and importance. Brother Duncan gave a rattling testimony, and in this meeting one fine young woman came to the mercy seat.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

On Sunday evening the meeting partook of the character of a memorial service for Commissioner Booth-Hellberg, who so recently was suddenly promoted to Glory; and also for Brother Teagle, one of Canada's oldest Soldiers.

When the opening exercises of the meeting had been gone through, the Commissioner with a number of leading Staff Officers, marched up the aisles of the tent to the strains of the Dead March in Saul—an incident which was regarded with much reverent curiosity on the part of the large crowd that gathered around the outside, as well as by the splendid

gregation which filled the spacious marquee.

On reaching the platform, the Commissioner informed the audience of the purpose of the meeting, and then made reference to the sick comrades, informing us of the serious condition of Brigadier Stewart, concerning whom he had received a message at midnight on Saturday, which stated that she was in an unconscious condition, and was gradually sinking. Lieut.-Colonel Southall then read in an impressive manner, a part of the last chapter of the Revelations of St. John the Divine after which Brigadier Adby sang a Salvation song, that had been composed by Mrs. Booth-Hellberg. "While the light from Heaven is falling." This was sung in a very tender manner. Brigadier Adby has a sweet voice and a soul—both were exercised in the singing of this song, which brought the gathering into a splendid frame of mind for the fine tribute that Mrs. Colonel Mapp paid to the memory of the promoted Commissioner.

Mrs. Mapp, who had been intimately acquainted with the Commissioner in India declared him to be a man of high principle, and of great platform ability. An address he had delivered once when visiting one of the Corps in her command, had produced an indelible impression upon her mind. The address had been based upon these words: "And when Jesus passed by it came to pass." Mrs. Mapp then delivered an eulogium that held the attention of the people in thrall. Jesus passed by and called the university student, who straightway left all his brilliant worldly prospects and followed Him.

Again, Jesus passed by and called—this time to go to India, where there were peculiar circumstances that must have made work amongst this people a heavy cross to him.

Once more the voice of the Master was heard. This time summoning a child from the side of the parents, but in all these things the Commissioner showed splendid resignation and heroic devotion.

Again the Master passed by—this time it was through a hospital ward at Berlin, and then Commissioner Booth-Hellberg followed to be with Him for ever.

After a song by the Male Voice Choir, the Commissioner delivered a powerful address, "Let me do the death of the righteous" was his theme. In his references to Commissioner Booth-Hellberg's death, he told how that he had been privileged to visit the estate in which the Commissioner's father lived, the huge estate that belonged to those related to him. He knew what worldly prospects the late Commissioner had relinquished, for the sword and cross of a Salvation campaigner. Yet, he had never spoken of these things, but as a big boned, brilliant Salvationist, had won humbly before God and his fellows. He had died the death of the righteous.

The Commissioner gave some striking examples in support of his contention that the life must be lived in harmony with the desire. If one would die the death of the righteous. The last words of John Wesley were "God is with us—the best of all, God is with us. Farewell."

Today, the author of that immortal hymn, said as he neared eternity, "I enjoy heaven already in my soul."

Mrs. Booth, The Holy Mother,

triumphantly exclaimed in the supreme hour. "The waters are rising, but so am I. I am not going under, but over. Don't be concerned about dying—go on living well, the dying will be all right."

The address was a tremendously powerful appeal to those present not to be content with uttering pious desires for the death of the righteous, but to be concerned about living a holy life.

That it was not without effect was shown by the fact that in the prayer meeting six persons came out for salvation—the first to lead the way being a splendid young man who ought to do something for God and his fellows.

The first Sunday's meetings at the Camp were grandly successful.

In the course of his evening address the Commissioner stated that he had, during the day, shaken hands with a man who was present when he farewelled from his native place for Salvation Army Work, over thirty-three years ago.

MONDAY NIGHT AT THE CAMP.

A Splendid Demonstration of the Power of Christ to Save and to Keep.

On Monday, June 21st, the Camp Meeting was in charge of Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, he was ably assisted by Brigadier Adby, Adjutant McElheney, and the Riverdale Band and Songsters. The meeting throughout was a splendid demonstration of the power of God to save and to keep. In the open-air Tom Baker, the converted Clown, had graphically related the story of his conversion from a life of drunkenness and misery, and in the tent, Brother Liddle, whose breast blazed with medals won in the Crimean War, and Indian Mutiny, gave a striking testimony as to how he found the Saviour after forty-six years of a very bad life. He has followed Christ now for twenty-nine years, and wears the Salvation Army badge for twenty years' service as a local Officer. There was plenty of music and singing also in this interesting meeting, the Band playing several sections, and the songsters singing twice. An item which was also much enjoyed was the playing of the boys' Drum and Fife Band. Adjutant McElheney was one of the speakers, and referring to the testimonies that had been given he remarked that the best proof of what God can do is what He has done. He then urged the people to stop fighting against the Spirit, and let this wonderful Saviour come into their hearts. This, no doubt, inspired Brigadier Adby in his selection of a song, for he got up with his concertina, and started off with: "A wonderful Saviour is Jesus." Brigadier Adby then spoke, explaining why he had a use for religion, and pointing his hearers to the true source of all happiness and joy—Christ.

The address of Colonel Gaskin was on the subject of "Indecision." First of all, he spoke of some cases of undecided souls that had come under his own notice, and pointed out that the lack of power to decide indicated great weakness of character. The people who have done things in this world have been people of decision; wavering and undecided people never make any progress. The Bible mentions two classes of unde-

cided souls, namely, fools and hypocrites. The man who, knowing the terrors of the law, yet is undecided as to whether to accept Christ or not, is a fool. The man who merely has a cloak of religion and will not decide to throw it off and take Christ as his Saviour, is a hypocrite.

It was certainly a striking address, for the Colonel struck hard at the Christ-rejectors, and made them "sit up" a bit. Then Brigadier Adby made an appeal for decisions, by singing a song of invitation to sinners to accept salvation. Two young men came out to the mercy seat and the meeting closed with prayer by the Colonel.

PERSONALITIES.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Rees and Staff-Captain Barr conducted Officers' Councils at Bonaville on June 2, 3, and 4. About twenty Officers from the surrounding Corps were present.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire has not been forgotten by the Bandsmen of Toronto. The Lisgar and Temple Bands have each visited the sick Colonel's house and cheered him by their music, for which he is very grateful.

Brigadier Burditt's boy, we are glad to state, has passed the danger point and is now on the way to recovery. We praise God for His goodness unto our comrades.

Major D. Creighton spent the weekend, June 19-20, at Orillia, and reports a good time. On Saturday night a woman who, three weeks previous, had stood near the open-air ring and heard sung, "Tell mother I'll be there" with convecting effect, came into the ring, knelt at the drumhead and found salvation.

On Sunday afternoon her little boy also gave God his heart.

Staff-Captain White spent Sunday, June 20th with Lieut.-Colonel Turner, at Halifax I.

Professor Hawley, a loyal Salvationist of Charlottetown P. E. I., spent Sunday, June 20th, at the Dufferin Camp Meetings. He is bound for the Gateway City—Winnipeg.

Captain Geraldine Hoiland is taking the opportunity of spending a few days of her furlough at the Camp Meetings.

Adjutant Hoddinott of St. Catharines, came to Toronto on Wednesday, June 16th with the intention of taking part in Riverdale's Anniversary Celebrations, but had to return to his Corps immediately, on account of the receipt of farewell orders, after a stay of nearly two years.

Major Miller the architect, is going on a somewhat lengthy tour in the Far West, in connection with Property Department matters. Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary and Lethbridge are among the places to be visited by the Major.

Capt. Murdoch and Lieut. Woolcott, of Uxbridge, will shortly have a fine, up-to-date Hall, when the extensive repairs being carried out by the Property Department are completed.

Mrs. Cap'n Weir, of Simcoe, Ont., has been very sick, but is happily making a speedy recovery.

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg.

Further Particulars Concerning the Circumstances of His Death.

(From the British Cry.)

With profound sorrow and regret—which will, we are sure, be shared universally by Salvationists and friends—we record the promotion to Glory, in the early hours of Saturday morning, of Commissioner Booth-Hellberg the beloved husband of Lucy Booth-Hellberg, the youngest daughter of The General.

It will be remembered that the Commissioner, after a long period of devoted service, and an heroic struggle against ill-health, was compelled, a few years ago to retire from the active duties of Office-holding in an endeavour to resuscitate his falling strength by residence in his native air. With Commissioner Lucy, his unfailing comfort and support under these most trying circumstances, the Commissioner took up his abode in Stockholm.

The hoped-for recovery, however, did not ensue; and more recently a change to South Africa was in contemplation. Before starting a trial of the Carlsbad waters was recommended, and this appeared to have so far succeeded that the Commissioner, although still in a very precarious condition, was permitted by his doctor to undertake the journey homewards in the company of one of his brothers, who had been travelling with him.

Upon his arrival at Berlin, however, Commissioner Lucy, who had travelled from Stockholm to meet him, found the Commissioner in a state of collapse, and although the best medical advice was at once obtained, and despite the loving attentions of Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, he passed away in less than forty-eight hours in a private hospital to which he had been removed. Commissioner Oliphant and Mr. Samuel Hellberg were also present.

On receipt of the sad intimation of the Commissioner's condition, The General and the Chief at once sent anxious messages of inquiry.

The shock and loss to dear Mrs. Hellberg cannot be stated in words—they are overwhelming; while to our beloved General and the Chief the blow is a severe one. We can only ask our readers to join us in prayer that sustaining grace may be abundantly given.

It is interesting to briefly recall that the late Commissioner Booth-Hellberg was a student of the famous Uppsala University, Sweden; that he was converted through The Army, for whose principles early in his career, he suffered imprisonment; that for ten years, part of the time as Chief Secretary he fought with great ability to advance the War in his native country, and that in 1885, upon his marriage with Miss Lucy Booth, he was entrusted with the joint command of India. Subsequently, the Commissioners saw strenuous service in France and Switzerland.

As an administrator, a speaker, a leader, and an interpreter for The General, the promoted Commissioner possessed great abilities; while his splendid Salvation spirit—his was a robust religion!—and his unfailing gentleness endeared him to those

Commissioner Lucy, accom-

by Commissioner O'phnant, has left Berlin for Stockholm, where Commissioner Howard, the Foreign Secretary will conduct the funeral on Sunday next.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth, accompanied by Colonel Duff, leaves London tonight (Monday) to meet the Commissioner in Stockholm, and to represent The General and his family at the funeral, as well as to offer such comfort and attention as may be possible in the distressing circumstances.

PROMOTION TO GLORY OF BRIGADIER STEWART.

(Continued from page 8.)

deliver your message, and God will give the increase.

In the year 1893 Captain Stewart took off the red braid to put on the white "S's," and was henceforth known as Ensign. She had thoroughly earned her promotion, for she had toiled devotedly in the interests of unfortunate women and had also shown herself to be a capable and highly intelligent worker fit to be entrusted with the greater responsibilities that fall to the lot of the Staff Officers of The Salvation Army. In 1894 she was appointed as assistant to Mrs. Booth, and the next year took charge of the Montreal Rescue Home with the rank of Adjutant. In 1896 she became Staff-Captain, and in 1898 Major. She then came to Headquarters and was appointed as Chief Assistant of the Women's Social Work. In 1904 she attained to the rank of Brigadier.

In reviewing her life one is struck with the constancy and devotion of this brave warrior, who has now laid down the cross for the crown. Hers was a life of constant self-denial and self-effacement. She lived for others, and many there are who bless the day when they came in personal contact with her. Her strong faith in God enabled her to hope for the worst and to see some spark of good in them even though they failed again and again. She was a friend to the friendless, a beacon of hope to the despairing, pointing them to a better and a brighter world, through repentance and faith in Christ. Her heart seemed to be a continual fount of sympathy, and she had words of cheer and encouragement for all.

The Brigadier was greatly beloved by all her comrades at Headquarters, for her kind heartedness and unselfishness. Another trait that stood out prominently in her character was her guilelessness. She thought evil of nobody, and in fact, was a living apostle of the text, "Charity thinketh no evil."

The secret of her nobility of character and beauty of disposition, must be looked for in her constant abiding in Christ. Above all she was a woman of prayer. Truly we can say that a great and good woman has gone from among us. She will be missed on Headquarters, she will be missed in the jails, hospitals and police courts, where her work lay, she will be missed by her class of girls at the Temple, who will be missed by her hosts of friends throughout Canada, but she is with God and that thought should comfort us.

June 24th 1909.

An impressive service was held last night at Winnipeg, and touching tributes were paid to our departed comrade. Huge crowds witnessed the procession to station, Brigadier Burditt and brother accompanying. Staff-Captain Arnold.

What Shall I Do With My Life?

Addressed Especially to Young People by Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

Via Crucis. Via Lucis.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT KIND OF PERSON IS NEEDED?

PERHAPS, my young friends, a few suggestions as to the qualifications requisite to make successful Officers in The Salvation Army may be helpful to you in deciding whether this is the path in which your dear Lord and Master wishes you to tread. Of course, in this short article, I can but touch on the subject, and the few thoughts I may express can be only suggestive, and, if some young reader finds himself or herself deficient in the attributes mentioned, do not be discouraged, but at once begin to pray for divine help and guidance, and exercise faith and confidence and strive in every way to develop and improve such gifts and graces as you already possess.

Love God! In the first place you must love God—love and honour Him. Do you understand that? How must you love Him? With all your heart, mind and strength.

"Lovest thou Me?" asked the risen Christ that morning at Galilee when the sun was tipping the distant hills with the glory of a new day, and the Master came to the help of the weary, discouraged fishermen, who had worked fruitlessly through the darkness.

After the Master had thus identified Himself with all who toil, and showed sympathy with, and interest in, the great question—now so often a problem—human labour; He listened to the assurance of His repentant disciple; the vacillating, warm-hearted, impulsive Peter, and made reply in the three-fold testimony, "feed My sheep," "feed My lambs," a command which embraces all His needy ones: the little children as well as those of mature years.

Love Will Make Us Serve.

"What is love, darling?" was once asked a bright little girl. "Love? why, mamma, love is a feeling with a must in it."

Love towards Jesus has a must in it.

Christian experience brings obligation; this is inevitable; we cannot get away from our responsibility to serve God. We do not wish to do so. We love to serve.

Be humble. Then you must be of a humble spirit. How often have we seen the truth of the promise verified "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." "He who would be great, let him be your servant," said our Saviour.

Our dear General is one of the most humble of men in his own spirit. He has been honoured by kings and rulers and the greatest of people, with the most distinguished honours, and yet he maintains the sweet, humble spirit of a little child. I sometimes think that is one of the reasons God has permitted him to be so honoured. God's greatest saints and soul-winners have been the most humble persons.

Have Courage! If a young man or woman is to be fitted for Officership, he or she must have courage. Courage

has been the back-bone of all noble endeavour. The history of the world's battle-field is full of records of deeds of valor. Men and women daring to suffer and sacrifice everything for country and cause.

Courage has been the arm that has wielded many victorious swords, and achieved many wonderful triumphs.

"That's a brave man," said Wellington, when he saw a soldier turn pale, as he marched against a battery, "he knows his danger and faces it." Courage in danger is half the battle fought.

The annals of the Church of God are rich in examples of daring, from the first martyr Stephen, to the latest massacred Armenian who could fearlessly stand before her oppressor and declare, "I can die, but I cannot deny." Our souls have been stirred with admiration as we have read of James' courage in dying on the steps of the Temple; of Paul's courage. The hundreds burned to death in Nero's garden, or torn limb from limb in his arena. Or of Martin Luther when the people stormed about him in that grand old German city. Or General Coligny, trampled to death with St. Bartholomew's thousands on France's dark day, after serving his country well. Or hundreds of others in Smithfield's fires or prison cell. Oh, the holy courage which is born of a living faith in our principles and truth. My dear young friends, the day of bloodshed, rack and torture, may have passed, but the world wants brave men and women. Men and women who will not be silenced or awed by public opinion, custom, formality, or any other influence, but will, regardless of consequences to themselves face sin, expose evil, root out iniquity. What this generation wants are people of the hero type, of John Knox's courage, who will dare to tell the truth with a musket levelled towards them; or the spirit of a Luther, who exclaimed, at the Diet of Worms, when facing his foes, "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise."

Having an unswerving allegiance to their convictions. Do you say "I am weak, timid, naturally fearful." Cultivate the fraction of courage you have to the utmost degree. "Your Grace has not the organ of courage largely developed," a phrenologist told the noble Iron Duke. "No" replied Wellington, "and, but for my sense of duty I should have retreated from my first fight."

We have some blessed men and women in The Army who have risen out of absolute bondage of fear, who today, are brave warriors in the cause of duty. Individuals who have risen above natural timidity and reserve, as our sainted Army Mother did, to spheres of usefulness in uplifting humanity. Courage, courage, trembling heart, the battle is half won when fearlessly faced.

Take up your present cross, "Each victory will help you some other to win."

(To be continued.)

The one unalterable condition of keeping his fellowship is "walking in the light," which means walking in obedience.

FAREWELL OF ENSIGN AND MRS. JAYNES.

Brigadier, Morehen Conducts Wedding.

New Glasgow.—On Sunday, June 13th, after about twelve months' labouring were Ensign and Mrs. Jaynes farewelled. The meetings were conducted by Ensign Urquhart, of Moncton, N. B. Our crowds were very good all day, and an extra large crowd stood around the open-air in the afternoon. Special music was rendered by the Ensign and his father. At night two songs knelt at the cross. Our prayer meeting had scarcely commenced when a little boy came out, followed by a Sister.

The Citadel has been packed out-side a beautiful sign has been fixed up; the Junior Hall has also been repainted inside, and a lot of work put into the Quarters, which makes our buildings up-to-date.

Wednesday was the final farewell meeting. Lieutenant Bishop also received orders to go to Port Hood, C. B. Brigadier Morehen, our D. O., conducted this meeting, but the chief event that necessitated the Brigadier's presence, was the marriage of Bandman Walter Dawson and Sister Maud Reeves. The Citadel was packed to its utmost capacity. After this ceremony, the D. O. called upon some of the married folk to speak on behalf of married life, and then the single folk had their say. The bride and groom also had a few words. Ice cream was served after the meeting.—Arthur Bryant, Corps Correspondent.

AN EX-PUGILIST'S STORY.

"Brewer" Brown at Woodstock. Brother Brown, of Riverdale, visited Woodstock during the week-end June 12-13. A local paper says:—

"An ex-pugilist formed the attraction at The Salvation Army services on Saturday night and yesterday. "Brewer" Brown, or Arthur Brown, as he is more properly called, was the man who drew large crowds at the services. "On Saturday night Brewer Brown appeared on Dundas Street and spoke at The Army service clothed as he was when he appeared with The Army for the first time after his conversion about twenty years ago. He was barefooted, had one eye painted a glossy black, and his tattered trousers and coat showed the effects of wear. Yesterday he addressed a large crowd in Victoria Park in the afternoon, and at the Barracks in the evening, and made a considerable impression on his hearers.

STAFF-CAPTAIN WHITE, AT CHATHAM, N. B.

Twenty-two Juniors Seek Salvation.

We have had a glorious week-end at Chatham, N. B., conducted by Staff-Captain White, who has been visiting our Corps in the interests of the new Citadel, which we expect to have erected in the near future. On Sunday afternoon the Staff-Captain conducted a meeting for the Juniors, which resulted in twenty-two of them seeking Christ, and in the night's meeting one young woman found the Saviour.

On Tuesday and Wednesday nights we had Captain Wilkinson, the G. B. M. man with us. His lantern service was enjoyed by all present.

Cadet Adams has farewelled, and we have welcomed in our midst Cadet McKinnon, of Moncton, N. B.—One who was there.

The Canadian Rockies.

"Mountain Scenery Unequalled in the World."

MUCH has been written about the extent of our fair Dominion on its world resources, and wonderful scenery, but multitudes of Canadians have seen only a small part of it. Quite a number of those who have the time and money to travel seem to prefer to cross the ocean and roam among the glories of the old world, when greater beauties can be enjoyed right at home.

Talk about mountain views! There are none in the world to equal what can be seen from the observation car of our own Canadian Pacific Railway. Switzerland boasts of a Mount Blanc and a Rigi, but here are a score of Mount Blancs and a dozen Rigi's. Glaciers more remarkable in extent than any in Switzerland may be seen within half an hour's walk from the C. P. R.

The first general view of the Rocky Mountains is obtained at Calgary. If a citizen of that thriving western city should happen to see a "tenderfoot" as a visitor from the east is usually called, looking at the mountains, he will very likely ask: "How far away do you suppose those hills are?" The unsuspecting customer probably replies: "Oh, about twenty miles." Then he is expected to show some degree of surprise when it is declared that the "Gap," which forms the entrance to the mountains, is only a few miles away. Certainly in this clear air the distance is very deceptive. Two things impress one about the Rockies: first, their wonderful extent; and second, their infinite variety. The idea of vastness seizes the traveller as he gazes at this sea of mountains. From morning until night the passenger on the Canadian Pacific Railway can feast his eyes on the most glorious scenery in the world, and then retires reluctantly to his sleeper with the prospect of another similar day of sight-seeing unsurpassed anywhere. It is a perfect glut of grandeur.

A European guide, who had spent some time among the Rockies, recently said: "Turn all the mountain climbers in the world loose among the Canadian mountains, and at the end of twenty-five years they will still be discovering new beauties and attractions."

Then there is such an absence of sameness. These gigantic forms that tower on both sides of the track are so different that one gets bewildered in trying to catch their distinct individuality. Every turn of the road reveals some new and attractive view, so that the interest never flags.

Many of the mountains bear quite a resemblance to familiar objects, after which they have been named. "The Three Sisters" are a trio of snow-capped peaks that stand off by themselves, with a family likeness enough to make their name exceedingly appropriate.

Cathedral Peak looks very much like an old world cathedral, with columns and minarets; while Castle Mountain looms up as a stern fortress, with towers and bastions. We would scarcely be surprised to hear the signal gun booming from one of its turrets.

"Old Sawback" is well named, as there is considerable similarity to the jagged teeth of a huge saw.

"Twenty miles south of Banff is Mount Assiniboine, the Matterhorn of the new world, the ascent of which, after several unsuccessful attempts, was made in the autumn of 1901, by Rev. James Outram and a party of Swiss guides."

Probably the majority of tourists do not see the "Lakes in the Clouds," and they miss one of the most picturesque features of the whole trip. Nestling between the mountains are rare gems, whose loveliness and charm surpass all description. What placid mirrors these lakes make! How beautiful the reflection of the mountain sides, the green forest trees and the snow-capped peaks! Lake Louise is usually the first one visited.

It is two and a half miles from Inverness Station, and is reached by a narrow gauge. There is a hotel on the lake, and a small boat for hire. The surrounding mountains are obtained. Both lakes lie literally above the clouds, resting in rocky basins among the peaks of the Beavertail, St. Piran, Minook, and Whyte.

Mount Stephen, named after the first president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and rising directly above the railway to a height of 5,060 feet, is one of the "sights" of the journey. It has a dome-like summit, and on its shoulder is a vast shining green glacier, measuring nearly 1,000 feet in

route than any road I have yet travelled, and I have crossed the continent by three other lines. The whole journey is an ever-changing panorama of gigantic mountain scenery.

The Selkirk Mountains, beginning from the Rockies, and yet equally attractive. One scarcely knows which to admire most.

"The Selkirk range of mountains," writes Rev. C. B. Fithian, "are regular with the curling lines of beauty, and streaks of sparkling snow and green verdure stripping their sides with lovely, blending shades; whilst the streams we cross gush with a laughing, frolicking sound, rather than in furtive or sweep gently through valleys rather than mountain gorges, into calm, clear, emerald-coloured lakes. Here it is that the lake scenery of the North of England and Scotland and Italy is reproduced on an almost measureless scale. What placid mirrors these lakes make! How beautiful the reflection of the curving lines of hill sides, the green

who would dare to offend one of them. On one side an intelligent, clearly looking Brahmin sat expounding the "shastra" to a most attentive audience. This meeting closed with a great capping of hands, beginning loud and high then descending gently to zero, and punctuated with a thunderous outburst of "Kundlok, Hari, Vitali."

The crowd surged about us. "Sahib" was not unwilling to answer questions at length, but on the pauses were so short, and the queries so rapid, so numerous, that I was calm — a heavy portentous calm — was ushered in and out again with a nerve shattering roar of "Vroha Vroha" all of which was necessary to make the idol hear.

But ours was a saintly journey, for day after day we crossed and recrossed the sacred river, Godavari. Millions bathe here and assume to be holy, cast money in here and believe that God will reward; deposit in these waters the ashes of loved ones, as the last possible atonement to the departed. To us it was only a river, unbridged but fordable. As we played horse in childhood, being carried between two with locked arms, so we now crossed the Godavari.

Promoted to Glory.

BROTHER ALEX. ABBOTT, OF BONAVISTA.

Dear's has again visited our Corps, and Brother Alexander Abbott who had been ill for some time, has gone to the Heavenly Mansions.

Although not expecting death so soon yet he was ready for the call, which came on June 1st. For some years he was a Soldier of this Corps, and before sickness hindered him, was ever at his post of duty. We sympathise with the bereaved wife and children. May they be sustained and provided for by Him who wills all things. — W. M.

EASTERN ECHOES.

(Continued from page 6.)

The P. S. did the weekend meetings, which were full of interest. There was much conviction, and as for salvation, God bless the Windsor braves!

Kentville was next. This place also is moving the right way. A number have been saved six Soldiers have been enrolled, two Corps Cadets secured, and things generally speaking are most encouraging. Indeed, we had a splendid crowd at our meeting, and enrolled one Soldier. Lieut. Goodhue is farewelling.

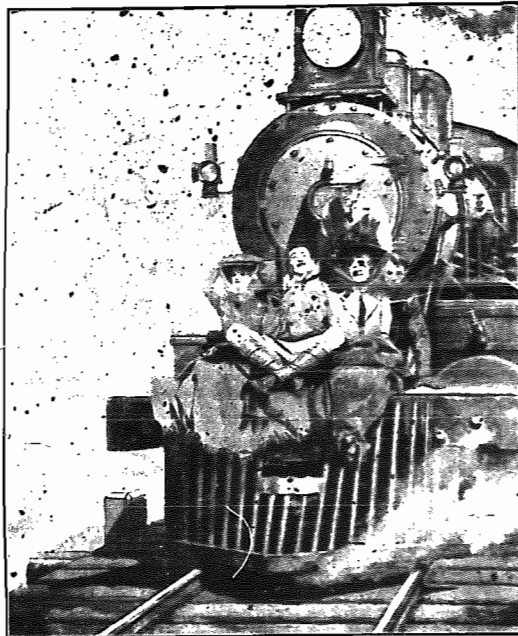
Annapolis was the next place on the list. The Provincial Secretary gave a sketch of his twenty-five years S. A. warfare but time was too short to finish the address, and the Soldiers and friends gave him a hearty invitation to come again and finish the same, which we may accept later on.

In addition to public meetings, the P. S. has conducted a Census Meeting at each Corps on the tour, and plans have been made to extend the work in the various Corps in this part of the Province.

A few changes have just taken place. Adjutant and Mrs. Cameron have taken charge of New Glasgow. Ensign and Mrs. Jaynes go to Halifax. I. Adjutant and Mrs. Ritchie take a short furlough before going to their next command, and Ensign and Mrs. Smith go to the Island of South and Bermuda, where they will have great victories, no doubt.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Adjutant Cameron has just lost her father. She did not get back from Bermuda in time to visit him before he passed on to Glory. Mrs. Cameron and the family have the sympathy of Eastern comrades in their affliction. — Traveller.

Do you love righteousness? I do not mean in the abstract. I suppose that you do. But do you love righteousness in the essence of it?



Riding on a Cow-Catcher in the Canadian Rockies.

It is claimed that the most thrilling of all experiences is a ride through the Canadian Rockies on a cow-catcher. This is a privilege usually reserved for "Princes of the Blood Royal"; but engine drivers have been known to make exceptions.

length, and 210 feet thick. Mount Sir Donald is a lofty pinnacle, the climax of an array of eight magnificent peaks. So impressive is this glorious peak that one gazes upon it again with wonder and delight. A young man from Hamilton was one day looking up at Mount Sir Donald, and seemed overpowered by its towering majesty. At last, turning to a friend, he exclaimed: "Well, well, I'll never call that bluff at Hamilton a mountain again."

"And so as we go whirling along through measureless piles of mountain crags, passes and rocky wonders, we fairly revel in the superabundance of busyness and sublimity. We are glad that the train moves slowly through the Kicking Horse Pass. It gives us time to take in something of the terrible grandeur of the scene, the great mountain cliffs rising thousands of feet above you, the train clinging to the face of the cliff, and slowly winding its way forward; the stream of water gushing a white thread of foam a thousand feet below you, and rocky mountain peaks and snow-capped pinnacles and glaciers all around form a scene that cannot be surpassed in the wide world. If you can measure grandeur and sublimity, there is square mile or lineal foot, there is more of it in view on this C. P. R.

forest trees, the snow-clad peaks, the clear blue sky, and the tremor and glimmer of the water giving a living motion to the whole picture." It is the liveliness of mingled mountain and water scenery on a magnificent scale; it is the sublimity of beauty."

Every opportunity of viewing the scenic attractions through which the Canadian Pacific Railway passes is provided by the company. Observation cars are attached to passenger trains, going westward, at Banff, from which tourists may have unobstructed enjoyment of the greatest mountains in the world. — "Onward."

A Bit of India's Life.

Our School Inspector in Maharashtra.

Here and there sat a conspicuously dirty piece of humanity, so few as crowded in a train, and only clothed with dabs of paint and ashes in addition to one or two bits of dirty rag. These are the ascetics that are supposed by their devotees to conquer and terrify the gods. Hence it behooves man to appease, and to please every religious mendicant. The vilest sins are commonly attributed to them, but he must be a bold infidel

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE LATE COMMISSIONER BOOTH-HELLBERG.

Since the sending of the last News Budget we have to chronicle the sad death of Commissioner. Booth-Hellberg in Berlin. Upon receiving the first news of the very sad condition of the Commissioner, the Chief of the Staff had desired to immediately go to his sister, Commissioner Lucy, and endeavour to help and comfort her in her grief. His journey to Berlin was indeed arranged, when the news of the Commissioner's death, and the decision that the funeral should be in Stockholm, caused him to alter his plans.

Mrs. Booth, however, accompanied by Colonel Duff, started off on Monday night in order to render what help is possible, and the Foreign Secretary left last night in order to, in conjunction with Mrs. Booth, conduct the funeral and memorial services on Sunday next.

Our latest news from Stockholm is to the effect that Commissioner Lucy is bravely bearing up in the midst of her grief, being very much cheered and comforted by assurances of sympathy and prayers which are reaching her from all parts of the world-wide Salvation Army.

THE ASSISTANT FOREIGN SECRETARY.

Commissioner Higgins returned to the Foreign Office on Wednesday, June 9th, after his visit to the United States, and reported personally of the splendid Congress just concluded in New York.

SCANDINAVIAN CONGRESSES.

News is to hand from Scandinavia that preparations are actively proceeding for those greatly anticipated annual festivities. The Foreign Secretary has found himself forced to make a slight alteration in his programme so far as Denmark is concerned, Commissioner and Mrs. Higgins having been appointed to conduct the Congress here; the Foreign Secretary, however, still leads in both Sweden and Norway.

STAFF COLLEGE SESSION.

This is proceeding very satisfactorily. The Foreign Secretary has



This group represents some of the Andimaal natives before they became Christians. The two most conspicuous persons in the group are the Sergeant-Major and the Colour-Sergeant of the Andimaal Corps. The following is an extract from a letter received from Captain Rankin of Andimaal, as to how the Natives celebrated the General's Birthday—

"We had a splendid time on the occasion of The General's Birthday. It was beautiful weather the sun shone all day. We observed it as a holiday. The village was beautifully decorated with flags and other things. The Band turned out in full force, and played frequently. We had service morning and night, and held our picnic on one of the mountain peaks back of the village. I certainly enjoyed myself immensely, and so did everyone else. We wired congratulations direct to The General. A cable was sent to him, which said, 'Heartiest congratulations on your 50th Birthday from Andimaal Indians.'"

already delivered three lectures entitled, respectively, "Personal Enlargement," "The Bible—its Place and Authority," and "The Inspiration of the Bible." The Chief of the Staff, as well as Commissioners Hay and Higgins and other leading Officers, are also on the list of lecturers.

DENMARK.

Some 350 Soldiers and friends from Copenhagen Division recently went by steamer to Limhamn in the south of Sweden, where several of the neighbouring Corps assembled and united meetings were held under the leadership of Colonel and Mrs. Povlsen. About four thousand people were present during the day.

NORWAY.

At the funeral of Ensign Borresen (who lately returned from South Africa to his native country) thousands lined the streets of Christiania, and there were several pontents at the Memorial Service at night.

Our International Salvation Army.

A young Englishman, who had been a Salvationist but had backslidden recently went on a steamer to Bergen, and on Sunday morning he went ashore. He felt sad at heart and earnestly desirous of being restored to God. Suddenly he caught sight of the familiar Army bonnet on the head of a young Salvation lassie and he followed in her track, hoping that she was going to the Hall. However, to his disappointment, she turned in at her home. He next encountered an old man in uniform and by following him he arrived at The Army Hall just as the Holiness meeting was about to begin. He could not understand a word that was said in the meeting, but the songs were sung to the same tunes as in England, and these blessed his soul, and left him deeper than ever under conviction.

Two or three days later he made his way to the Hall again, when, fortunately, the meeting was being led by a speaker who could speak English. This Officer dealt with the

young man, with the result he again gave his heart to God. He was made happy by the gift of an English War Cry, and as his ship was going to another Norwegian town where the Officer speaks English, he was put into communication with this Officer, and will no doubt be further helped on in the right way.

SWEDEN.

Each spring a collection is made in the principal Scandinavian Towns on behalf of poor and sick children. This year The Salvation Army was officially requested to take part in the effort. Five of our Bauds played for an hour in different parks and market places at Stockholm, after which a good collection was taken up for the benefit of the Fund in question.

JAPAN.

Commissioner Hodder and the Japanese comrades are able to report a striking victory this year. The total amount raised is Yen 6,522, being an increase of Yen 1,512 on the previous year's result. The Soldiers have this year taken much greater part in the Effort than on previous occasions.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The building recently erected at Tsoha is being opened this month as a Training Home for natives. About fourteen will enter, chiefly from the Zulu and Xosa Divisions, and it is hoped they will become valuable Officers and Teachers.

TWO CAPTURES MADE.

Captain Bunton, with the G. B. M. lantern service, entitled, "Father, Come Home," paid a visit to Berlin. The Captain's services are always good, and this last one was no exception to the rule.

Our week-end services were times of great blessing. Two souls knelt at the cross. One a man, confessed he hadn't offered up a prayer for fourteen years, and wanted to surrender every idol, and so handed over his tobacco and cigarette papers. He has turned up to each meeting since, and gives a bright testimony.—P. R. Esson.

THE details of The General's Sixth Motor Campaign are near completion, says the English War Cry, from which we take the following particulars:—

"The present proposal is that the Campaign shall actually start on Saturday, July 24th, and on his way to Colchester—which is the town where our Leader spends his first Sunday, and where, by the way, he will put in a full day's meetings, a thing which he is not doing on other Sundays—it is suggested that The General should stop at the Farm Colony for a short reception on the Castle Hill on Saturday afternoon.

The Tour commences in and will proceed through the Eastern Counties, and during the first week, after Sunday in Colchester, it is arranged that The General shall visit Woodbridge, Stowmarket, Bury St. Edmunds, Ely, Bungay, Norwich, East Dereham, King's Lynn, Downham Market, March, Spalding, Stamford, Newark, and Huckleford. This will bring The General to the second Sun-

The Motor Crusade.

Route of The General's Big White Car—East, North, West and Mid England.

day, which he intends spending in the city of his birth—Nottingham. Meetings will be held in the Empire afternoon and night.

"The second week will be passed in the Yorkshire district, and will include such notable centres as Sheffield, Bradford, and Halifax, bringing The General up to his third Sunday, which is to be devoted to Leeds.

To Visit Army Mother's Birthplace.

"The Campaign during the third week is likely to embrace important towns in Lancashire and Derbyshire, and it is hoped that on this occasion The General will stop for a meeting at Ashton-under-Lyne, where, in the last Motor Campaign, the 'wayside' was brought to a summary conclusion by one of the heaviest downpours of rain experienced throughout the whole Tour.

"Stockport will be visited, and also Congleton, where there has recently been an awakening, and it will bring pleasure to The General's heart to visit during this week, the birthplace of our beloved Army Mother at Ashbourne.

By the fourth Sunday our Leader will have reached Wolverhampton, from which point the Motor Fleet, taking a southwesterly direction, will proceed into South Wales. The General will visit the Valleys during four days of this week, amongst the notable places of call being Abertillery, Ebbw Vale, Merthyr, Mountain Ash, and Pontypridd. The General's visit to Barry Dock that week will make it possible for him to enjoy the pleasure of staying with his old and ever-trusty friend Mr. John Cory.

"For the 25th Sunday The General

will be in Bristol, where meetings will be held in the Empire. The cars will then journey through Wiltshire and so on to Salisbury, striking up towards London on the South side.

"There are to be two receptions in London on August 25th. In the afternoon at Spa Road the extensive grounds connected with our Men's Social Institution will be converted into a rallying centre for the employees as well as the public of that district. It is expected that The General will be publicly received, and will give a short address upon some of the outstanding features of the Campaign just finishing.

"After tea The General will journey to Clifton, which will be the scene of the final meeting and the climax of the Campaign.

"The Chief of the Staff, will, it is hoped, accompany The General to Colchester, and will also be with him on the Monday at Woodbridge, Stowmarket, and Bury St. Edmunds. It is likely that our Leader's safety will be entrusted to the same clever and cautious chauffeurs as last year.

OUR SERIAL STORY

POGASELSKY THE JEW

And How He Found the Messiah.

A Fascinating Story of Jewish Life, and Travel and Adventure in Many Lands.

DON'T FAIL TO READ THIS CHAPTER

CHAPTER XIX.

A VISIT TO ST. SOPHIA.

ACCORDING to his promise, Yussuf appeared at the appointed place on the following day, where he found the three sailors awaiting his arrival with interest.

"Ah! I see you are anxious to visit the great mosque," he said. "Well, it is well worth seeing, so come let us be going."

Soon they were making their way through the busy streets of Herman gaily chattering away to Yussuf about everything they saw, and keeping the good-natured Turk busy answering his questons. Before long they reached a large square, enclosed by magnificent buildings, and Herman gave vent to an expression of delight.

"Ah! this is something like the beautiful city I imagined Constantinople to be, as I looked upon it from the deck of the ship," he said. "This is indeed a city to be proud of."

For some minutes he stood gazing around him in wonder and delight. The scene enchanted him. In all directions rose the graceful outlines of mosques, topped by their tall and slender minarets, and glistening in the rays of the sun. Beautiful little kiosks were also dotted about here and there, and many arched galleries and marble fountains were to be seen, while overtopping the walls and glided railings of numerous gardens was a luxuriant vegetation, filling the air with a sweet perfume.

In the centre of the square stood a beautiful edifice which especially attracted Herman's attention. It somewhat resembled a Chinese pagoda, having a curved roof that extended far beyond the walls. At each corner was a pretty little kiosk, corresponding to which, on the roof, were four slender cupolas, each surmounted by a graceful pinnacle, the whole encircling a larger cupola in the midst.

"What is that pretty place?" asked Herman.

"That is the fountain of Sultan Ahmed III," said Yussuf, "come and drink from it, and I will read you the inscription that is round it."

On approaching closer, Herman found that on each side of the fountain was a niche, and in each niche was a jet of water falling into a small basin. The fountain was built of white marble, but so richly were the



He strode along with dignified step.



From where they stood a splendid view of the great Mosque was obtained.

wall's ornamented that it was scarcely visible.

"Why, this seems like some immense jewel casket," he exclaimed. "It must have cost the Sultan a fabulous sum. But now read the inscription."

It reads thus," said Yussuf. "This fountain speaks to you in the verses of Sultan Ahmed; turn the key of this pure and tranquil spring and invoke the name of God; drink of this inexhaustible and limpid water, and pray for the Sultan."

"And now friends," he continued, "let us enter St. Sophia. Yonder it stands."

From where they stood a splendid view of the great mosque was obtainable. It filled all one side of the square, its enormous dome overshadowing all else, and its four white minarets towering into the air as if keeping watch over the treasures within. Following Yussuf, they soon arrived at a great bronze door, upon opening which they found themselves in a very long, lofty hall, lined with marble and mosaic work. They had not advanced far when an attendant of the mosque, dressed in a long robe and a big turban, came towards them and addressed a few words to Yussuf, who explained that he had brought some friends of his to see the mosque. This apparently satisfied the man, for he motioned to them to take off their boots and select some slippers from a big pile lying close by. They then went through another great door, and found themselves right under the enormous dome. It was a magnificent spectacle. High above them rose the gigantic sculptured arches, colored green, gold, and blue, and the enormous half domes, from which hung thick silken cords supporting in mid-air innumerable ostrich eggs, bronze lamps, and crystal globes, upon all of which a flood of light descended from a thousand great windows. The chief marvel however was the great central dome, which Herman thought could be likened to an abyss suspended over one's head. For some time Herman, Sven and Pietro stood silently looking around them, lost in amazement, and feeling somewhat awe-stricken.

"It is marvellous," at last exclaimed Herman, "how ever did they manage to erect such an immense dome?"

"They used special bricks," said Yussuf, "which they obtained from the island of Rhodes, each one weighing only a fifth as much as an ordinary brick. A good deal of pumice stone was used too and as that floats on water you see that the dome is built of very light material."

They now began to make a tour of

the mosque; Yussuf pointing out objects of interest as they came to them.

"This is the Mihrab," he said, pointing to a small shrine "one is to be found in every mosque. It indicates the direction of Mecca, our sacred city, towards which every Mohammed must turn when he prays."

"And why do they have to turn towards Mecca?" asked Herman.

"Why do the Jews turn towards Jerusalem when they pray?" asked Yussuf in return.

"Because it is the Holy City," said Herman, "and connected with the most important events of their history."

"So, is Mecca our Holy City," said Yussuf, "for there the great founder of our religion lived and died. Allah Akbar, there is but one God and Mohammed is His prophet."

"But do you not think that the Jews' religion is all right too?" said Herman. "Was not our law given to Moses by God Himself on Mount Sinai, thousands of years before Mohammed was born?"

"That is so," said Yussuf, "we too believe in Moses but prophets come and prophets go you know, and later generations demand new messengers. Moses was a great prophet and so was Christ, but we believe that both have had their day and now Mohammed has arisen as the one true messenger of God, declaring His will to us through the Koran. Bismillah! (Praised be God!)"

"Almost they persuaded me to be a Mohammedan," said Herman.

"I could wish you were as true a believer as myself," said Yussuf, "for none but the faithful will ever reach Paradise. But now look at this carpet. It was one of the four carpets Mohammed used for his devotions."

"I notice that Mohammedans pray several times a day," said Herman.

"O Mohammed lay down rules for them regarding that."

"It is recorded," said Yussuf, "that someone told the Prophet that David had written, 'Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray and cry aloud.' 'Then we will pray five times a day,' said Mohammed, and so the Muslims call all the faithful to prayers at the appointed hours. Now look, yonder behind that glass lattice is the chamber set apart for the great Patriarch, the Shadow of God on

earth, the Commander of the Faithful."

"You mean the Sultan, I suppose," said Herman. "What high-sounding titles he has."

"See what a high position he occupies, as the head of the Mohammedan religion," said Yussuf. "As such, his authority extends from the Pacific to the Atlantic and from the Balkans to the Great Desert of Sahara, and over two hundred millions of human beings own his sway."

Just at that moment a tall, venerable man with a long, white beard passed them. His dress was distinctly Turkish, consisting of a flowing blue gown, which was open at the front, disclosing a spotless shirt, richly embroidered vest, baggy trousers and voluminous waistband. On his head he wore a green turban, and he strode along with dignified step and graceful movements, as if conscious of his great superiority to others.

"Whoever is that?" asked Herman in a whisper.

"He is a great Mullah, belonging to the Prophet's own family," said Yussuf, "only such are allowed to wear the green turban."

Some bright shields on which names were inscribed in Arabic characters, now attracted Herman's attention, and he enquired as to what they were for.

"You will find shields such as that in every mosque," said Yussuf, "on which are written the names of Allah, Mohammed, and the six Imams—Ali, Bekr Hassan, Hossein Omar, Osman and Ali. They are the heroes of our sacred writings as Joshua, Samson, Gideon, Barak and others are the heroes of the Hebrew writings. Under the leadership of these were the soldiers of the Crescent overthrowing mighty empires and forcing the conquered people to accept the religion of Mohammed. In 1453, according to your reckoning, or in the year 857, according to ours, the Turks captured Constantinople and in place of the Cross they raised the crescent of Islam rose over St. Sophia."

"Why, was this once a Christian Church, then?" asked Herman.

"It was built by the Christian Emperor Justinian, thirteen centuries ago," said Yussuf, "but when the Turkish sultans began to get powerful, they wrote their names on the shields and made it a stronghold of Mohammedanism. The enterprise was first attempted by Amurath II, who besieged Constantinople with an army of two hundred thousand men. He failed to take it, however. Thirty years later, Mohammed II, his son, came with a more powerful army and laid siege to the city. At that time it was defended by the Emperor Constantine Paleologus who bravely led his Italian troops against the invaders. The Turkish artillery made great breaches in the walls, however, and it was seen that the city could not hold it long. One day, to a legend goes, the Emperor was walking outside the city when he came across a monk who told him that Constantinople was captured. 'I will believe it,' said the Emperor, 'if the fish fry in yonder pan of oil jump out of it and swim around it.' To his surprise the fish at once jumped out of the pan into the water and swam away. The Emperor hurried back to the city to find that the Turks were swimming through the streets. He put himself at the head of his troops and tried to stem the torrent but it was no use, and he fell fighting. On that same day Mohammed rode into St. Sophia on his war horse, and halting before the high altar, he raised his hand and cried out in tones of thunder, 'Allah is the light of Heaven and of earth.' If you look up at the dome you will see these words inscribed all around it."

The three sailors who had all been intensely interested in Yussuf's story, were now looking at each other.

(Continued on page 16.)

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1 Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus for my sin
Before the world's foundation slant;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When Heaven and earth are fled away.

O Love, Thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in Thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
No spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' Blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

Tunes—Confidence, B. B. 4; Ernan, B. B. 6.

2 Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace,
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for Thyself prepare a place.

Oh, let Thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which wants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on Thee.

Henceforth may no unclean delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it, Thou who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

War and Testimony.

Tune — Fighting on.

3 To the war! to the war! loud and
long sounds the cry;
To the war! every soldier who fears
See, millions are drifting to hell's
endless woe.

Oh, who in the name of Jesus will go?
To the war! to the war! who'll the
war cry obey?

'Tis the great God who calls you to
fight while 'tis day!
Though fierce be the battle, and
mighty the foe,

The Salvation Army to battle must
go.

To the war! to the war! every man
to his post;
Go care for the dying, go seek for the
lost;

Hark! converts are shouting, their
bright faces glow,
As they joyfully shout, "To the war
we will go!"

Tune—Oh, what battles, 107. G and
Bb; Song Book, No. 589.

4 Oh, what battles I've been in,
And what conflicts I have seen,
But in darkness, as in brightness, He
is mine;

Oh, what mocking and what shame
I can suffer for His name,
For in glory as the stars He'll make
me shine,

Washed in the Blood white as snow,
Nothing I am seeking here below;
There's no more strife for my soul, I
know.

And naught can my peace overthrow.
Oh, what mighty, wondrous love
Brought by my Saviour from above,
On the Cross to shed His Blood and
die for me!

So I'll serve Him with my might,
In His service I'll delight,
For the Blood from sin's dark bond-
age sets me free.

Salvation.

Tunes—Hark, hark my soul, 236. G
and Bb; Russia, B. J. 161; Song
Book, No. 47.

He strode along with dignified
He

Amidst the Pines at Dufferin Grove.

GREAT ANNUAL

Camp Meetings

WILL BE HELD AT

Dufferin Grove, Toronto,

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PROGRAMME OF EVENTS.—Continued.

THURSDAY, JULY 1st.—DOMINION DAY.—A DAY OF SPECIAL FEATURES.—The City Forces, divided into three sections, will render special programme at 11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m. COMMISSIONER AND MRS. COOMBS in Command, assisted by Colonel and Mrs. Mapp, and Territorial Headquarters' Staff.

FRIDAY, JULY 2nd.—Lieut. Colonel Gaskin and Brigadier Rawling, assisted by Adjutant Mercer, Dovercourt Corps and Band. The Colonel will deliver a special address. Subject, "The Spirit-Filled Life."

SATURDAY, JULY 3rd.—CADETS' NIGHT. Brigadier Taylor in Command, assisted by Wychwood Corps and Band.

SUNDAY, JULY 4th.—BRIGHT, BREEZY AND EDIFYING MEETINGS at 11 a. m., 3, and 7 p. m. The Staff Band will render a special musical programme in the afternoon. Colonel and Mrs. Mapp in command.

MONDAY, JULY 5th.—THE GRAND FINALE.

The Army's 44th Birthday. Great Spectacular Celebration. Mobilisation of City Troops. Popular programme by Massed Bands, (150 performers) under the leadership of Brigadier Morris. National Flag Display. Illuminations. Accommodation for thousands. The event of the city. Do not fail to be present. Colonel Mapp in command, assisted by the leading Staff Officers.

EXCELLENT STREET CAR SERVICE.

The College, Carlton, and Bloor and McCaul cars stop at Camp Grounds. Week-night Services Commence at 8 p. m.

Special Note.—Tent accommodation will be provided on the grounds for Officers, Soldiers, and friends. For full particulars apply early, to Brigadier Taylor, 135 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

Earth has no sorrow
That Heaven cannot heal.

Here dwells the Father;
Love's waters are streaming
From the throne of God,
Plenteous and pure;
Come to His temple for
Mercy redeeming;
Earth has no sorrow
That He cannot cure.

Tunes—Hiding in Thee, 182; There's
no one like Jesus, 192.

6 In seasons of grief
To my God I'll repair,
When my heart is overwhelmed
With trouble and care;
From the ends of the earth
Unto Thee will I cry,
Lead me to the Rock
That is higher than I.

Chorus.

Hiding in Thee,

When Thou, Lord, shall close
My pilgrimage here,
In Jesus' own righteousness
May I appear;
In the swellings of Jordan
On Thee I'll rely,
And look to the Rock
That is higher than I.

POGASELSKY THE JEW.

(Continued from page 14.)

rative, looked upward and saw that there was an immense inscription in Arabic characters all round the vast dome, each letter being several yards in length.

"Well, that beats any motto for size that I've ever yet seen," said Herman.

"That's a fact," said Sven. "but you'd have a hard job to find anything to beat that fish story of Yusuf's."

"But I have not told you all yet," said Yusuf. "If you visit the pool where the miracle is said to have happened, and throw some silver into it, the fish will come out and show

their half-cooked sides. At least, that is what the monks say, but some bold heretic from Russia once had the audacity to tell them that the fish were just striped perch and that the monks were making lots of money over the business."

Over an hour they thus spent in viewing the interior of the mosque. Yusuf proving a very well informed and interesting guide. In addition to the other things, he showed them the columns that were brought from the heathen temples of Diana and Ephesus, and of the Sun at Baabec, the "resplendent stone," a slab of marble which glows like crystal when the sun's rays strike it; the "sweating column," a column covered with bronze, through an aperture in which can be seen the marble always moist; the pulpit from which the Ratib reads the Koran with a drawn scimitar in his hand, to signify that the mosque was acquired by conquest; and reading desks inlaid with mother of pearl and copper, upon which lay manuscript copies of the Koran.

Then, passing out of the mosque into the busy streets again, and returned to their lodging house. What he had seen and heard that afternoon had greatly impressed Herman, however, and he came to the conclusion that the Mohammedans were very much in earnest as regards their religion, but he could not quite make up his mind as to whether they were mistaken or not, and as was usual, when perplexed over anything he determined to ask Sven. What answer he received we will see next week.

(To be continued.)

A clergyman in Ottawa recently said: "The hour has come to strike at the liquor traffic as never before. It is the felon's fortune—the gambler's god, the sailor's hardihood, the coward's courage, and the assassin's inspiration." We should banish it from the land.

LIEUT.-COLONEL TURNER

will visit

NEW ABERDEEN—July 1st.
LOUISBURG—July 2nd.
GLACE BAY—July 3rd and 4th.
AMHERST—July 5th.
ST. JOHN—July 6th.

BRIGADIER COLLIER

will visit

NEW ABERDEEN—July 1st.
PORT MORIEN—July 2nd.
DOMINION—July 3rd.
GLACE BAY—July 4th.
SPRINGHILL—July 5th.

BRIGADIER ADEY

THE SINGING EVANGELIST,

will visit

BELLEVILLE—June 26 to July 5.
PETERSBORO—July 10 to 19.
PERTH—July 20 to 25.
SMITH'S FALLS—July 30 to Aug. 2.

BRIGADIER MOREHEN

will visit

NEW ABERDEEN—July 1,
LOUISBURG—July 2.
DOMINION—July 3.
WHITNEY PIER—July 4.
TRURO—July 5.

MAJOR and MRS. MORRIS

will visit

VICTORIA, B. C.—July 1st.

MAJOR GREEN

will visit

Aurora—Saturday and Sunday, July 3rd and 4th.
Newmarket—Monday, July 5th.
Collingwood—Tuesday, July 6th.
Barrie—Wednesday, July 7th.

MAJOR HAY

will conduct Camp Meetings at

Palmerston—July 31st, to August 5th.
Guelph, August 7th, to 18th.

MAJOR SIMCO

will visit

Petrolia—June 26th, to July 6th.
London, I.—July 14th to 27th.
Stratford—July 3rd, to August 10th.

The Revival and Musical Trio, (Led by Adjutant Haskirk).

Cobalt—July 1st.

Elk Lake—July 2nd, 3rd, and 4th.
Soo, Ontario—July 16th, 17th, 18th.
Soo, Michigan—July 13th, 14th.
Thessalon—July 15th, 16th.
Sudbury—July 17th, 18th, 19th.
Parry Sound—July 20th, 21st.
Huntsville—July 22nd to 26th.
Bracebridge—July 27th to Aug. 2nd.
Midland—Aug. 3rd and 4th.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Sinton—West Ont. Prov.—

Ridgetown, July 1, 2; Leamington, July 3-5; Kingsville, July 6, 7; Essex, July 8, 9; Windsor, July 10-12.
Bothwell, July 13, 14; Chatham, July 15, 16; Dresden, July 17-19; Wab-
laeburg, July 20, 21; London, I., July 22; London II., July 23.

Captain Mennion, East Ont. Prov.—

Ottawa I. July 10-12; Ottawa II., July 14-16; Renfrew, July 17-19; Pembroke, July 20-22; Carleton Place, July 23-25; Kemptonville, July 26, 27; Smith's Falls, July 28-30.

God has given you a mind and heart capable of high and holy service. Solve self-sacrifice and enthusiasm open it to the Divine Spirit without fear of consequences.